Chronicles

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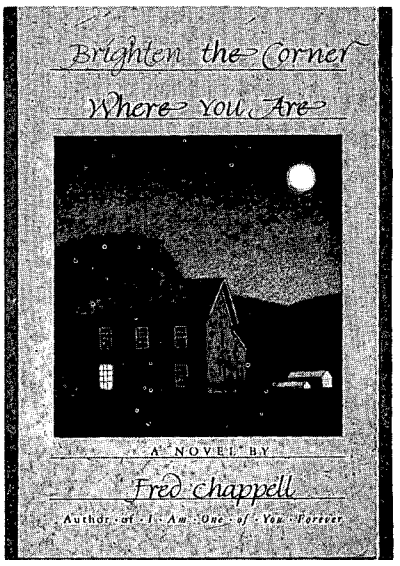
Fred Chappell



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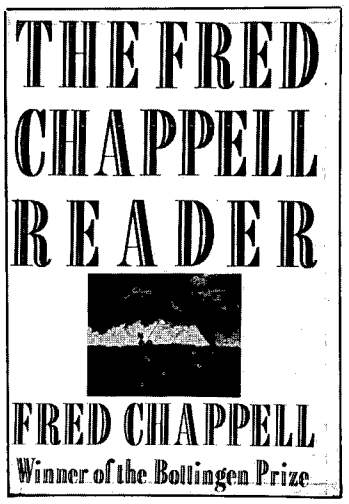

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Selected by Fred Chappell with an Introduction by Dabney Stuart, this Reader contains the complete text of the prizewinning novel *Dagon*, extracts from four other novels, eight stories (two previously uncollected), a substantial sampling of poems, and an Afterword by the author.

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On 'Enemies of Society'

Professor Arthur Eckstein's fine review of Pete Collier and David Horowitz's *Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts About the Sixties* (August 1989) calls attention to the fact that the revolutionaries of the 60's turned themselves into the professors of the 70's and the deans of the 80's. Why? Because the universities in the 1960's were expanding. So the academy provided not only a great public square for revolutionary theater but also afforded a fine living for the actors. The same good folk who disrupted Columbia and subverted Stanford and Berkeley, like the Christian missionaries to Hawaii, did rather well by doing (what they thought of as) good. Well paid by the very institution they both subverted and used for their subversion of society, they prospered.

True, the universities paid a heavy price: the destruction of public confidence, delivery into the power of an anti-academic administration in the corporate model, and loss of shared goals and acknowledged educational purpose, not to mention nearly two decades of steady-state faculties, with little movement in or out or up. But the tenured and secure self-styled prophets and troublers of the public order got paid at the end of the month, and never mind the rest. That explains the left-wing bias of the softer social sciences (sociology, not economics) and the ideologization of the mushier humanities (literature, not classics), scripts for the second act of the revolutionary play. True, the audience has long since walked out; even the media lost interest. But the now-respectable revolutionaries retain control of the theater, and, alas, require the succeeding generations to form the audiences for their courses.

What is to be done? Not a thing. Just wait. Time not only heals, it also corrects. The youthful vision of the 60's, now the lost dream of a disappointed and bitter generation of ruined and barren intellectuals nearing old age, describes no world known to the new generation, defines no use of young lives, offers no goals, sets no grand tasks. Two decades of young people have passed through the classrooms controlled by the idiot-left and now form the phalanx of a genuinely conservative youth. America has survived even the ruin of the academy; people came and learned what was useful and illuminating and dismissed the rest, and the next generation of the academy is in the process of repudiating the discredited past. It is time for renewal.

—Jacob Neusner
Member, The Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, NJ
University Professor, Brown University, Providence, RI

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FLAGS ARE A feudal phenomenon. Not until the French tricolor was the flag a focus of nationalism. Even during the 19th century, flags were used mostly in military, naval, and diplomatic contexts, and were seldom seen by civilians. Often there was not one national flag but a variety for different uses and occasions. Americans did not pledge allegiance to the flag, they swore to uphold and defend the Constitution—the swearing having definite overtones of Christianity and the Anglo-American legal tradition, unlike the secularist Pledge of Allegiance.

Not until the age of mass conscription—World War I for America—did the flag itself become a fixed focus of patriotism. Nevertheless, the Stars and Stripes are now firmly established as such, a symbol of American community in relation to the rest of the world, consecrated by the blood of free men. Most states, quite properly, have laws against desecration of this essential symbol.

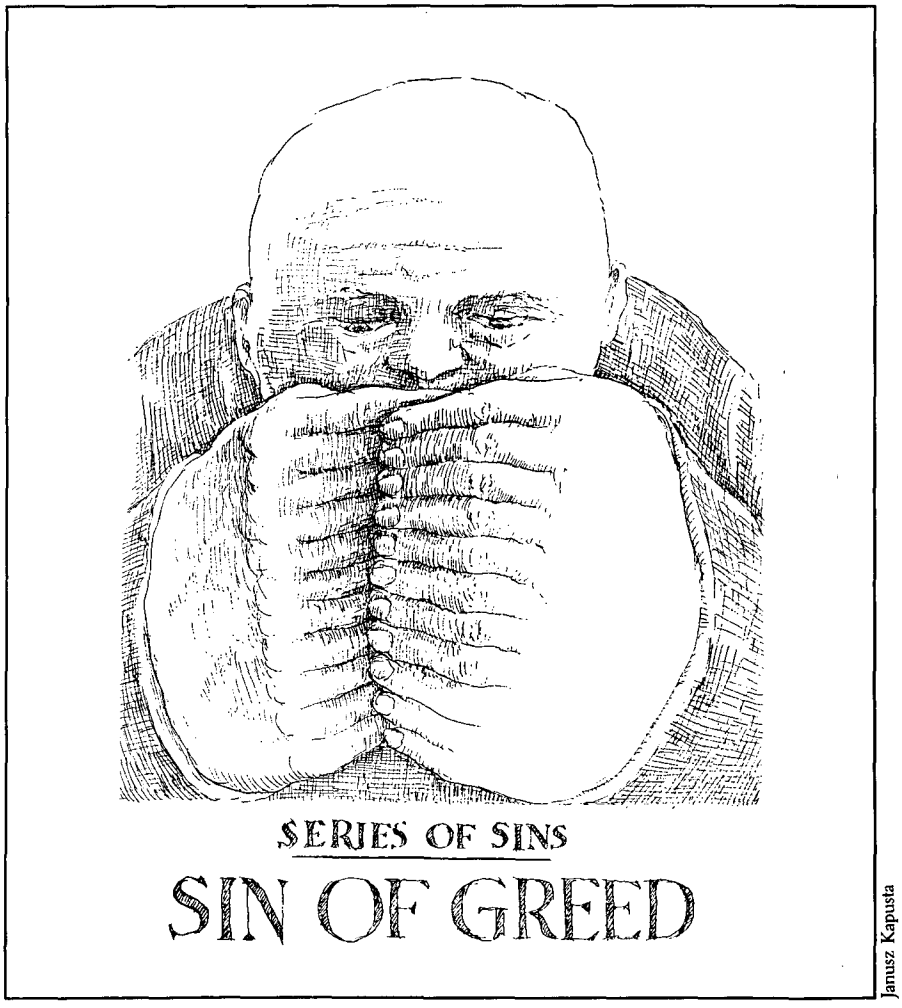
The overturning of these laws by the federal Supreme Court, on the plea of freedom of speech, is thus a gratuitous strike at one of the few really binding elements of a large and diverse republic. No matter how many million-dollar Harvard lawyers are hired to develop sophistical arguments for the Court, their reasoning is puerile.

The Founding Fathers viewed freedom of speech as a prerequisite of majority rule, of that debate and deliberation of the public things that was necessary for consensus and decision. When Patrick Henry declared, "If this be treason, let us make the most of it," he was not engaging in a private fantasy. He was speaking as the delegate of the freeholders of Hanover County, in the councils of the Burgesses of the Commonwealth of Virginia. (The words were uttered, by the way, in the parish church of St. John's, Diocese of Virginia. Listen up, separation-of-church-and-state fanatics!)

The exercise of free speech is, then, evidence of participation in community, a desire to influence deliberation and decision. It cannot be absolute, since the equal right of others to speak and the rules of deliberation must be preserved. For the Founders, sedition, slander, and blasphemy were not protected by the right of free speech, though nearly all preferred to have offenses defined and punished by other than the central government, the restraint of which was the purpose of the First Amendment.

Such offenses demonstrate not a desire to participate in deliberation, but a contempt for the community and its processes. Thus there is no reason why Rushdie's infantile blasphemies have to be protected by the Western democracies (though, of course, the laws against murder and assault must be enforced), because such utterances are not an exhibition of deliberation and reason but of contempt for the process of reason.

I am not a Moslem, nor do I particularly wish to see Islam established in my country. Nonetheless, for any decent person, gratuitous slander of the historic faith of millions is a repulsive act, even if it is someone else's faith. It is something that no decent community tolerates, though it is perhaps better if such offenses are prevented by the community rather than by the state authorities. This would be true even if we were at war with Iran, for to discountenance blasphemy is a function of our own decency and self-



Janusz Kapusta

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respect, not of a phony pluralism.

But flag-burning does not even qualify for the protection offered to blasphemy in a doubtful case. Flag-burning is not speech, but an act. It is not participation in free deliberation but a demonstration of contempt for the community, the last step before an act of violence. It is, in this respect, analogous to a sit-in or painting a swastika on a synagogue. It is the instinctive understanding of this that creates the vast popular feeling against the Court's ruling.

But, alas, the clamor for a Constitutional amendment against flag-burning bears about the same relationship to real statesmanship as flag-burning does to real freedom of speech. It is a mere disingenuous and insulting gimmick. The problem is not flag-burning. The problem is judicial usurpation and a warped reading of the First Amendment. These are the ills that would be attacked by a statesman able to perceive and pursue the welfare of the commonwealth.

The Reagan Revolution had two substantive accomplishments — the control of inflation and the rescue of the judiciary from left-wing extremism. We can only pray that the former will endure. The behavior of Justices Scalia and Kennedy in the flag-burning case must give us reason to wonder how solid the latter achievement really is. It will be a Pyrrhic victory if the justices continue to adhere to a disoriented legal tradition rather than exercising the courage and intellectual skill necessary to renew contact with the real Constitution.

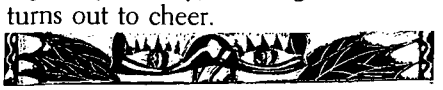
— *Clyde Wilson*

A FLAG AMENDMENT — what would be the effect? In one school of thought that goes back through Acton to Jefferson to Plato, the health of a society is inversely proportional to the amount of written law (and the number of lawyers) it has. A suspicion of lawmaking is even more justified in the case of constitutional law. How many amendments have actually done us any good? The Fourteenth is used routinely to destroy state and local government; the Sixteenth legitimated the income tax; the Eighteenth gave us prohibition. But, you will say, these were obviously bad ideas. What's wrong with protecting the flag? Nothing. But there was nothing wrong in the first nine amendments guaranteeing due process and freedom of speech, press, and religion against the federal government. Unfortunately, by redesigning the Tenth Amendment to a dead letter, the federal courts have been able to use every one of those freedoms as a weapon against the very people and communities they are supposed to protect. The terrible truth is, the Constitution means whatever nine political appointees say that it means, and any additional provisions are only extra weapons in their arsenal. Not long ago I attended a conference on the family and heard a prudent and sensible politician ask if there shouldn't be a constitutional amendment protecting the rights of families. What a nightmare. The justices would protect families in exactly the same way they protect religion — by making war on it.

If we have to discuss such dead issues as the US Constitution that once existed, the place to start is the Tenth Amendment. Since it has been effectively nullified by the usurpers on the federal bench, it is high time that someone like Senator Helms introduced it as a proposed amendment. Maybe if we passed it a second time, it would stick. Send us your name and address on a postcard saying, "Yes, Repass the Tenth Amendment," and I will personally make sure it gets to the right people. (TF)

BATMAN was the summer's box office sensation. Responses to the film followed the usual pattern: audiences and lowbrow critics loved it; highbrow critics turned up their noses. Pans from serious film critics are the best recommendation a movie can get. Yes, it is a dark and violent movie, and yes, Michael Keaton is a perfectly dreadful actor — Jack Nicholson doesn't have to steal this one: Keaton gives it to him gratis. And yes, the New York critics hated it because of its all-too-accurate portrayal of life in New York. As David Denby in *New York* magazine put it: "In this filthy, demoralized, and abandoned city, gangsters run the show and pols are either weak or on the take." Exactly.

I expected something a little less of a paean than, say, *The Muppets Take Manhattan*, and I was not disappointed. What I was not prepared for was the deadly serious criticism of radical chic. Gotham is a city paralyzed by fear and corruption, and when the Joker stages his own city festival throwing away money, the degraded mob turns out to cheer.



But the script goes further, inviting us to see the Joker as the typical psychopathic killer who is the victim of circumstances. The most interesting dialogue comes near the very end, as the Joker and Batman wrestle for their lives at the top of a cathedral — significantly abandoned, as if New Yorkers have turned their backs on God. The Joker whines that he is what he is because Batman dumped him into a vat of acid. Now, we already know that this is not so: he was a professional killer before the accident, and it was Batman who tried to save him. But instead of correcting him, Batman accuses his enemy of killing Batman's parents. Fair enough, the Joker answers: we made each other. An interesting point, but the obvious difference between the two — for all the *doppelgänger* imagery — is that while one of them has responded to misfortune by turning into the world's greatest homicidal maniac, the other has created good out of evil by devoting his life to protecting the innocent.

All of this is a wine too strong for the New York palate, but the one unforgivable scene seems to have passed by without significant comment. Leading his merry crew, the Joker prances into a great museum and proceeds to carve up or spray paint the great masterpieces of Western art. His depredations are only halted for a moment when he is confronted with a specimen of modernist art — Rauschenberg? de Kooning? who cares? This I like, he oozes, and spares the painting. Still in the gallery, he explains to Batman's girlfriend, a photographer, that he too is an artist — a murder artist — and reveals the masterpiece he has etched with acid on his own girlfriend's face.

Art as destruction, art as a prank, art as a violent statement on a violent society — where have we heard all this before, except in all the catalogues of performance art exhibitions and successful grant applications to the Na-

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tional Endowment for the Arts? If this was the summer of *Batman,* it was also the season of flag-trampling in Chicago's Field Museum, of *Piss Christ* and Mapplethorpe's homosexual photos brought to the American public as a gift from the tax-supported NEA. If there is a sequel to *Batman,* the Joker ought to come back as the art critic for *The New York Times.* (TF)

GIRLS' SAT SCORES are lower than boys because of bias in the questions, charges a Center for Women Policy Studies report. Nationally, boys score higher on 4 of the verbal questions and 17 of the math, and the fact that they do better is alone *prima facie* evidence, according to Phyllis Rosser, that the Educational Testing Service's (ETS) SAT test is weighted in favor of the male sex.

What we should be asking, of course, is not just on what questions do boys do better, but why? In Rosser's studied sample of about a thousand upper-middle-class New York area students, she found the boys did substantially better on 10 out of 60 math questions. Of those 10 questions, 3 were specifically about "boys'" enterprises, suggesting to her that the context of the questions, rather than the ability being tested, was adversely affecting girls' scores. For those questions that seem to favor boys (or girls) simply because of the context in which they are put—figuring out a basketball score, for example—a valid argument can be made that those questions should be replaced with sex-neutral substitutes. If Rosser has stopped with this observation she would be making sense.

But she has gone much further than that. She would like the ETS to remove all those questions favoring boys and replace them with questions favoring girls. Her reasoning is that there is no legitimate discrepancy in test scores—girls, she points out, get better grades than boys do their first year in college, *ipso facto* girls' getting lower SAT scores is clear evidence that the tests are warped.

Rosser is not asking the ETS to change those two verbal questions that girls seem to do better on, just those on which boys do better—including seemingly sex-neutral problems that boys may well be getting right simply because they have taken more math courses, or because their brains are better wired to manipulate x's and y's. What is she advocating but sexism, plain and simple?

Interestingly enough, the very data Rosser cites as to what questions girls and boys seem to do better on is further evidence for researchers looking for sex-related differences in interests and abilities. She also quotes ETS's own statement to the effect that "categories designated 'world of practical affairs' and 'science' are typically easier for males, whereas the categories designated 'aesthetics/philosophy' and 'human relationships' are easier for females," and points out, quite rightly, that any test can be skewed in favor of one group or another.

But we shouldn't be worrying about favored groups. We should be worrying about what it is we are testing. We are not testing for virtue or wisdom or common sense, but for academic ability in certain subjects. Now, I am no fan of the ETS or of its near-monopoly on testing, and to the extent that this kind of report will clarify just what it is these all-important SAT scores have tested, I welcome criticism like Rosser's. But when we start with the position that fairness requires girls' scores to be just as high as boys', we are putting the cart before the horse. (KD)

THE YELPING BEGAN almost as soon as Jesse Helms proposed his plan for bringing the National Endowment for the Arts under control. Helms' amendment would forbid the use of federal funds to "Promote, disseminate or produce indecent materials." There was hardly a respectable newspaper that did not yell "censorship" and decry this attempt to "politicize the arts." Why is it politicization only when something happens to conflict with *their* politics? Tom Wicker, as usual, had the best comment. Calling Senator Helms "the Senate's most persistent yahoo," he warned that his efforts will have a chilling effect on creativity and arts patronage.

God bless the Yahoos, if it does. Even under a sober and responsible NEA administration—which we have never had and will never have—it would still be hard to justify the expenditure of public funds on the personal hobbies of assorted screwballs, but in the current climate of "the arts" in America, giving grants to painters and sculptors is like subsidizing pushers. If the President or Congress want to play the patron with the public purse, let them go out and buy art for public places where the politicians can be held accountable for their bad taste. (TF)

"HASIDIC VILLAGE in New York wants own public school district" blared *The New York Times* (July 21). The Hasidic community of Kiryas Joel, NY, already runs its own private schools, but the town (100 percent Hasidic) has been pushing for special religious accommodations in the nearby public school's handicapped programs. Parents are unhappy with the school's mainstreaming of handicapped students and fear that the customs and dress of Hasidic children would expose them to ridicule—it would certainly expose them to secularizing pressures. Several years ago, the Hasidim had sued the district to provide male bus drivers for their boys, who could not by custom be driven by women. The boys walk.

In exasperation, the village is demanding its own public school to be run not in strict conformity with Hasidic law but in a spirit of accommodation to their traditions. The New York Civil Liberties Union and the State Education Department are predictably opposing the measure, but poor Gov. Cuomo does not know what to do. It is not simply a matter of pleasing a Jewish constituency, since secularized Jewish liberals are prominently in the opposition. The fear is that today the Hasidim, tomorrow the Amish, next week the Baptists—where will it all end? Catholics are right now paying taxes for public education while at the same time supporting the diocesan schools that educate inner-city minority children. It would be a constitutional travesty if they could run Catholic-oriented public schools in Catholic neighborhoods. This would undermine the whole purpose of government education, which is social indoctrination. (TF)

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A Prayer for My Daughters

by Thomas Fleming

In recent months both San Francisco and New York have been the scene of triumphs for the homosexual rights movement's efforts to legitimate single-sex liaisons. . . . *Newsweek*'s Eleanor Clift, appearing on *The McLaughlin Group*, summed up the cases as evidence that in the 1980's the American people were redefining the family. The American people? I wonder.

There is no doubt that the family is being redefined by *Newsweek*, *Time*, and the network of social service agencies, judges, and media managers who tell us who's who and what's what, but I am not at all sure that either as a nation or as individuals, the American people have spoken. In small town and suburban America, alternate lifestyle means a passion for lacrosse instead of hockey, and when two men get together without women it is usually to catch fish or get drunk—preferably both—in peace and quiet.

But while I think it is too early to take alarm over the altered definition of family—people, after all, are going to do what they're going to do, with or without spousal privileges—it's a bad sign that we can feel free even to talk about these matters in public. Worse, if we talk about them freely in an old-fashioned spirit of contempt for perversity, we may find ourselves at the wrong end of a local minority rights ordinance. Even Rockford, Illinois (where *Chronicles* is published), is considering a walk on the wild side with nearby Madison—a city where *only* minority rights are protected.

My old senator, Sam Ervin of North Carolina, lost his good reputation for bad deeds by warning against this sort of thing. In campaigning against the ERA Sam used to say that equal rights for men and women would mean treating them the same, which would mean that if a woman could marry a man, so could a man. On the other side of the opposition, Phyllis Schlafly was saying that ERA wasn't necessary, because the states already gave equal rights to men and women. Both sides turned out to be right. We didn't pass the ERA, and the rights of erotic minorities—transvestites, coprophagites, bestialites, and homosexuals—are to an increasing extent protected by law. How long before we recognize the rights of child molesters along with those of sexually active children? Laugh, if you want to, but 15 years ago they were laughing at Sam Ervin.

Nothing is so futile as lamentations against the decadence of the times. Those who cultivate the root should not complain if the flower stinks. It has been some time since any responsible person publicly rejected such sacred notions

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as equal pay for equal work or the legal and political emancipation of women. But the underlying assumption of all the feminist legislation of this century—women's suffrage; liberalized divorce laws; equal, comparable, and affirmative worth; etc.—has been the essential interchangeability of the sexes. We do not, after all, insist on treating dogs and cats the same or on using a screwdriver in place of a hammer. Why should woman equal man or man woman?

What a terrible analogy, you will say. Men and women are members of the same species. But so are babies and teenagers and your eighty-five-year-old grandfather, and you don't expect them to do the work of a forty-year-old father of three. Nothing in the experience of our human race would indicate that males and females were equipped by nature to perform the same tasks—so differently distributed are our strengths and weaknesses. History and physiology teach the same cynical lesson: men are built to inflict pain, women to endure it.

Feminists are fond of repeating the cliché that women have always worked and always will. If work is defined as productive labor, then, of course, women have always worked by cooking, cleaning, gardening, weaving, sewing—all the tasks required for running a home and rearing children. In some societies, women even earned income by working either at home or outside, but such work was not supposed to interfere with the primary responsibilities of a wife and mother. Working-class New England girls of the last century took jobs in factories, while farm girls on the prairie often took a turn as schoolmarm. Such activities helped their families make ends meet; they also contributed toward something like a dowry. After marriage, however, it was rare for women to continue to work outside the home.

A glance at the range of activities in which women have engaged reveals that they have not typically gone in for big game hunting or heavy physical labor. They have also not been in direct competition with men for high status positions—political, military, religious, economic, or artistic—within the community. Even in the most egalitarian societies (e.g., Pygmies, Eskimos, the Bushmen of the Kalahari), which no one in his right mind would wish to emulate, there are clearly defined spheres of man's work and woman's work, and there is no known society—including the United States of 1989—in which men do not hold a monopoly on power and prestige.

There are examples of simple societies in which mothers club together with older women and younger sisters who collectively share some of the childrearing responsibilities. These arrangements allow the women, including mothers, to engage in more sustained periods of work outside the home. But even in these cases, the mothers are never very far away from their children, who are—in any event—in the care of family and friends. Blood will tell.

The central facts of human life are biological. The need to reproduce enjoins peculiarities upon every species, and man shares with his primate relatives the need for prolonged child care. Human babies are born even less mature than chimpanzees and take even longer to go through all the stages of development. The hardest part of growing up is not physical, but emotional, intellectual, and social. A fully mature man or woman is the noblest work of art produced on earth, and women—who take a large part of the credit—must also bear a disproportionate part of the burden. Paradoxically, it is because human animals are bound to the facts of life less than any other creature that the females of the species have had to specialize their social functions as wives and mothers.

I do not propose to enter into the day-care dispute. All the evidence, and I mean all the evidence, points to a need for maternal care both in the early years and the teen years. But it should not take a team of sociologists and physicians to tell American women what they already know: neglect your children or pay somebody to neglect them and you put your sons and daughters at risk. Some will turn out all right; some won't, but if they go bad, you will not be able to fall

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Nothing in the experience of our human race would indicate that males and females were equipped by nature to perform the same tasks. History and physiology teach the same cynical lesson: men are built to inflict pain, women to endure it.

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back on the excuse you did your best. Day-care is not even second best. We all know that, but it is inconvenient.

There is no point to getting hysterical; many children have grown up in orphanages or on the streets and turned out splendidly. It's only a question of the odds. It's probably safe to drink the water and eat fruit sold on the street in Costa Rica. Still, you never know. What we do know is that we have so heavily invested into the concept of the working woman that it is highly unlikely that we shall see a retreat to Victorian sex roles in the foreseeable future. It will take some sort of economic and political crash, and the rise of some terrifying Savonarola who will make a bonfire of Volvos, CD players, and self-help books. Fortunately for us, our Savonarola won't have to burn any works of art and literature, because, for the most part, we don't produce any, and those of us who do are already outsiders in this civilization.

Friends tell me I am too fond of these apocalyptic visions. It's one thing, they say, to like Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins*, but quite another to see *Blade Runner* and *Mad Max* more than once. (Why else did I get a VCR?) My almost ten-year-old daughter, who has been subjected to some of the milder after-the-end-of-the-world films, sometimes asks if the future will really be that terrible. I resist the impulse of saying, "I don't know, but I sure hope so," because no matter how rotten a civilization becomes—and ours is a great deal more rotten than the civilization that sputtered out in the sixth century—it probably beats most of the alternatives.

Still, there are signs of rapid dissolution, for those who have closed their ears to the siren songs of progress and technology and who do not see divorce, suicide, drug abuse, and sexual violence through the rose-colored glasses of Ben Wattenberg. The worst conditions of social dissolution can be seen on some Indian reservations or in urban housing

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projects or in displaced tribal societies on the verge of extinction—such as the Ik of Central Africa, described by Colin Turnbull in a famous book. Displaced from their traditional way of life and reduced to a condition of near-starvation, Ik parents can watch impassively as their hungry children roam in predatory bands of scavengers and laugh when one of them meets with serious injury. Even more alarming are the tales of drunkenness, violence, and incest on some Indian reservations, where traditions have collapsed only to be replaced with a funhouse-mirror version of modern consumerism and hedonism. The world of Mad Max seems preferable, and I can appreciate the sentiments of the not-entirely-crazy survivalists who are stockpiling canned foods—and ammunition—in their cellars.

I used to grow a large vegetable patch—corn and tomatoes, beans (Roman flat beans and limas), squash, okra, and lots of greens—but the crop I always figured on living off, when the time came, was turnips. In the North they eat the root and throw away the tops; in the South, they eat the greens and throw away the root (except for flavoring or soup). At home in both places, I eat both parts and could survive on turnips and water for months. My nearest neighbor used to joke that when "civilization as we knew it"—and where we lived, believe me, there wasn't much of that—collapsed, he would simply send his children over to steal my turnips. "Not if me and my shotgun can prevent them," I used to warn him.

Well, his sons are mostly grown, but I have two daughters, and what do I hope for them? Short of a general return to sanity—which would mean a religious revival on a mass scale—I will hope that they grow up to be decent women who can lead productive lives in the here and now and find what good there is in a dying civilization. There are still great books to read (some of them may be written in their lifetime), music to hear, food to eat, pictures to look at. There will be still, even among the children of yuppies, good men and women to number among their friends, and if they are fortunate they will find honest men who will bring them "to a house/where all's accustomed, ceremonious."

But less and less, I fear, are honest husbands something you can bank on. Younger American males of the middle and upper classes are, in very large numbers, spineless mama's boys, self-indulgent, lazy, uneducable (because they know there's nothing worth the effort it takes to learn it), unreliable, and dishonest. After a man has turned 40, he inevitably begins to despise the younger generation, but I feel the same way about my own generation as compared with my father's and about my father's compared with my grandfather's.

To trace the descent, read Walker Percy's description of the Barrett men in *The Last Gentleman*, or consider the declension of the film image of American males from such varied stars of the 30's and 40's as John Wayne, William Powell, James Stewart, and Humphrey Bogart to the stars of the 50's and 60's—a mixed bag that included Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon along with William Holden and Steve McQueen. (It seems almost all the good movies of the period starred older men.) As bad as the 50's and 60's were, look at the men of the 80's: the

"Brat Pack" of *Young Guns* or the archetypal man of the 80's, the sneery Bruce Willis. Better yet, consider the descent from Sean Connery to Roger Moore to Timothy Dalton, or compare the virility of Robert Mitchum, in his first starring role in *Out of the Past*, with Jeff Bridges in the remake *Against All Odds*. (Richard Hobby made the same point last year in *Chronicles*, but it is worth repeating.)

So for my daughters I shall provide essentially the same opportunities as I am providing my sons. I shall push them, as hard as I can, into some useful profession in which they will be able to combine innocent amusement with honorable service. Preferably, their careers should require real skills, where success can be measured. This *excludes* most psychology, literary criticism, and secondary school teaching. High on my list is music, archeology, medicine, museum work, archival research, and the sciences. As one leading entomologist explained to me, his career combined the fun of collecting baseball cards with the chance to visit the tropical rain forests of the world.

Such professional careers have several advantages. They are all worth doing for themselves and could provide an outside interest even for a stay-at-home mother. (What would you rather do, work on a Brahms sonata at home or work a shift at Hardees?) They can also be kept up on a part-time basis as their children—and I have explained that having children is not an option but an obligation, or rather *the* obligation—grow older and can even be resumed, full time, when money is needed to put their kids through college.

That, at any rate, is the very modest hope I have for my daughters: a profession in which they can take a lifelong interest, and a loyal and loving husband from whom they have a right to expect courtesy and financial support. How many women actually receive such support, these days and in the days to come, is another matter. And herein lies the most important reason for the sexist father to educate his daughters. What if she does not marry a husband who takes his responsibilities seriously? What if she ends up with a rich, good-looking lawyer, who dumps her after the third child?

These are terrible things for a father to have to think about, but I suspect they are on the minds of many old-fashioned parents and help to explain the increasing acceptance of working women. As much as I might long for the days when women were women and men were men, the auguries for their return are not favorable. And until the times get so bad that they're good, old-fashioned fathers will have to learn to live with a certain level of hypocrisy.

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Collitchgirl

Working for United Press in the 40's

by Priscilla L. Buckley

To enter the job market in the middle of World War II was a heady experience. In the year or two following Pearl Harbor nearly ten million young men had donned uniforms, and employers were crying for help. The only large reservoir left to be tapped was women. Rosie the Riveter was born. For college graduates, white-collar jobs heretofore closed to women were to be had, although not quite for the asking.

Betty Goldstein (not yet Friedan) graduated from Smith College at this time — 1942 — and embarked on a career that would lead to the writing of *The Feminine Mystique* a quarter century later. Betty and I were very good friends at Smith. I was a sophomore reporter and she the editor-in-chief of SCAN, the college newspaper. Our SCAN experience had whetted our appetites for journalism — "the newspaper racket," as we racily called it — and that's where we hoped to land jobs upon graduation. Not for us the Woman's Page with its fusty coverage of fashion, food, bridge, and other despised foofrous. We would be real newsmen covering real news. So with a brand new diploma in hand, and Hildy Johnson dreams in my heart, I set out for the Big City — New York in those days was everyone's dream, and a Greenwich Village apartment an attainable possibility. A SCAN friend, now working at AP, called with the exciting news that a job as copy girl had just opened up at United Press (as UPI, United Press International, was then known), and that I should call Phil Newsom, the radio news manager.

Nothing could discourage me. Not the job description: copy girls and boys ran errands, brought in coffee, changed the rolls on the huge teletype machines, did anything that anyone at any level asked them to do. There were no weekends. You worked five days a week, not necessarily consecutive days, on three shifts: day, afternoon, and overnight. The pay was $18.50 a week.

I didn't get the job. It had just been filled, but as it turned out it was nearly as quickly unfilled. At week's end a telegram informed me that if still interested I should report for work at 9 A.M. the following Monday. With gay abandon I tossed aside a second job I had landed (also to start the following Monday) at $35 a week as a junior editor at *The Book of Knowledge*, the children's encyclopedia, and opted for UP, starvation wages, and a wonderful life. To get a job in the news field in those days you filled out a brief form — name, age, education, family, place of birth, citizenship, previous work experience (none) — and were then interviewed by the person for whom you would be working. Résumés were a thing of the future. The only hitch was that every woman hired had to sign a release agreeing to vacate her job when the man who had held it before her returned from the service.

Speak of nervous stomachs. The UP newsroom on the 12th floor of the Daily News Building in New York was at the time the largest newsroom in the world: several hundred

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men at hundreds of battered typewriters arranged in great U's—a U for each department—and dozens of teletype machines ringing and clattering day and night, erupting with news from all over the world. The editor sat at the outside of the U, the assistant editor faced him across the desk in what was called "the slot," and the rewritemen and reporters manned typewriters along the long arms of the U. The floors were littered with paper, cigarette butts, and the desks with graying, cooling stained containers of coffee, empty Coke bottles, paper, pipes, debris. The shirt-sleeved men were intent on their machines as I walked down the long line of typewriters past the foreign desk where a tall skinny fellow with glasses looked up and almost nodded before turning back to the copy at hand. Harrison Salisbury would very soon take over the job of foreign editor.

Around the corner was the radio department where incoming news was rewritten on a news wire that reached 1,400 radio stations. Radio in those pre-TV days was the source of all instant news, which had to be repackaged by the radio department into convenient five- and fifteen-minute segments. Sentences were shortened for easier delivery. Successful radio copy had a distinct beat to it; you had to hear as well as see it. Sibilants were taboo ("Sixteen suicides sent Stanford staggering" was not a good radio sentence). In 1943 United Press was the nation's largest radio news service.

Phil Newsom, all business today in contrast to his lazy, easy conversational self at our interview, turned me over to the head of the radio copy staff, a messy, brown-curly-haired girl of 18 with streaks of ink on her face. Bobby, who never could learn not to wipe her fingers on her face after changing a typewriter ribbon, told me to get the orders for midmorning coffee and danish and then to run out to the Greek's (the corner deli) with it. (Bobby is now executive director of *Cosmopolitan*.)

I was in the door, but at a very low level indeed. To be a copy boy was bad. Most of them at UP at this time were overage underachievers, content to stay put in a no-future situation. To be a copy girl with aspirations was—to some old news hands—too presumptuous for words. We were nothing but *collitchgirls*, strung thus together as a term of obloquy. "*Collitchgirl*," sighed LeRoy Pope, who was riding the slot that day when I went over to take his order. "Another *collitchgirl*."

Weeks later when the manpower pinch had become so bad that I had been moved to the sports desk (over the all-but-dead body of the sports editor), LeRoy, again in the slot on a hot Sunday afternoon, would have his deepest suspicions of the total inadequacy of *collitchgirls* confirmed. After he had responded to a dozen angry bells—complaints from local bureaus that something was wrong in a baseball score—and corrected my error, he stood up in the slot, brought his ruler down with a resounding slap that brought every head sharply around, and put me straight on how things work in the news world. "Priscilla Buckley," he roared, "you can call Franklin Delano Roosevelt a sonavabitch, but you can't make a mistake in a baseball score." He was absolutely right.

It was made clear to me when I was promoted to the sports desk ($25 a week) that I was never to mention the promotion to anyone. What would editors around the country think if they knew that UP was so hard up it had had to put a *woman* on the sports beat? My copy—even the nightly feature stories—was unsigned, or signed by the sports editor, and if a radio station or a UP bureau called for clarification of any point, I was instructed to call a copy *boy* and have him take the telephone while I dug up the information.

Three or four years later my good friend Ed Korry, Paris bureau manager for UP, lured me from another job with the promise of a spot in the Paris bureau as soon as one opened up. Inasmuch as UP wages were then and continued for years to be a joke, rapid turnover in staff was predictable. I got the job a couple of months later and soon noticed that my byline, Priscilla Buckley, appeared on the wire as P.L. Buckley. It turned out that UP's then-European manager—a Mr. Bradford, whose headquarters in Bonn was at a safe remove from Paris—had a "no woman foreign correspondent" policy that Ed had simply ignored. I appeared on the table of organization as P.L. Buckley and so I remained for nearly a year. The first time wicked Mr. Bradford walked into the UP newsroom in Paris and found a *woman* in the slot, was, well, interesting.

Deliverance from that initial assignment on the sports desk in New York came six long months later when a tall, gangly, pockmarked young man with flat feet walked in looking for a job as a sports writer. I was reassigned to the radio news staff, to general hallelujahs, particularly from the sports editor, and even given a raise ($27.50 a week). By this time there were three *collitchgirls* on the radio news desk and in short order they became top hands on the each of the three main shifts. We didn't panic under pressure, we were not lazy as many of the older male staffers were, and we learned to write fast in short, simple, easy-to-read sentences. The bigger, the faster-breaking the story, the more we liked it: the fall of Rome, D-Day, Mussolini's death, VE-Day were big. But the biggest day of all was VJ-Day, which marked the end of World War II, and which came on my shift. At 7:00 P.M. on August 14, 1945 (12:00 midnight, London), a tired but jubilant Winston Churchill and a much relieved Harry S. Truman announced to their respective nations that the war was over. I got to write the fifteen-minute broadcast that heralded that joyous news to much of the nation. Every rule was suspended on that wild jubilant night in the steamy UP newsroom in New York. Great pails of beer from the local saloons were carried into the office and happily consumed. And no one objected. Hell, the editors were drinking right along with the hands. This was VJ-Day, and the boys were coming home.

Years later, Hugh Baillie, who was United Press president in those days, noted in his autobiography that in the mid-40's UP had discovered that women had a distinct flair for radio news writing. It took a world war for UP to find that out. At war's end there was no question that when Johnny came marching home again, he would be rehired, but not to replace Bobby, or Lee or Randy or Priscilla, or hosts of other women sprinkled in newsrooms and editorial offices around the nation. We lucky graduates of the early 40's had proved that we could do the job if only they would let us in the door.

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When the Schoolhouse Is Our House

by Mary Pride

Somebody recently did a "study" purporting to discover that at-home mothers spend hardly any more time daily with their children than mothers who work full-time outside the home. This is a neat trick on the part of the at-home moms surveyed, and I would like to know how they manage it. They must have superb child-avoidance strategies to spend all day in the same house with their children and yet leave the kids as isolated from motherly contact as if they were in day-care.

The study, and its subsequent publicity, were intended to make the same point Gloria Steinem and her ilk have been trumpeting for these past 20 years; namely, that mothers at home are parasites on society who serve no useful function whatsoever. Traditional women's work has been getting terrible press. So it's not surprising that otherwise-intelligent adults, instead of giving such "studies" the horselaugh they deserve, might even believe that mothers who stay home for an extra nine hours per day with our offspring accomplish nothing at all in this time.

It's just as well that these social scientists didn't interview any homeschoolers. Otherwise they would have been forced to conclude that mothers at home *who homeschool* spend about 16 hours a day with our children (about seven times as much as the typical mother employed full-time outside the home). This would have thrown the entire study off!

Consider a typical day in my own life.

It's nine o'clock and the Pride household is swinging into high gear. Joseph (age 7) is cleaning off the breakfast table. Teddy (9) is vacuuming the living room, Sarah (5) is picking up her room, and Magdalene Joy (4) is, as usual, searching for her orthopedic shoes while Franklin (2) follows her around. I am playing "Little Piggies" with baby Mercy Grace while my husband, Bill, installs a new software package that just arrived via Federal Express.

A diaper-changing or two later I and the kids are settled down to serious educational stuff. The three older children are reading the Bible to each other and narrating back what they just heard. Magdalene Joy, otherwise known as Beanie (short for "Jumping Bean"), is settled in my lap playing with a felt board and math manipulatives.

"How many apples are on the tree, Beanie?"

"1-2-3-4-5-6."

"That's good counting, but I think you counted one twice. Let's try that again slowly."

This time she counts the apples correctly. We experiment with counting up to ten apples, then try adding one apple and one apple, two apples and one apple, and so on. Franklin watches all this with great interest, occasionally counting along.

The older children are ready for their Bible memory work now. We are using the *Bible A-B-C's* from Bible Memory Association—a group of 26 verses, one for each letter of the alphabet. They all know the verses up through the letter N, but the two younger ones have trouble remembering chapter and verse after letter F. Beanie hovers around for our memory drill, joining in with the verses she knows, while Franklin wanders off to play with Mercy in the corner of the room.

Time for some geography. I write out the alphabet on our kitchen chalkboard and set Beanie to copying it, first marking off a section of the board for Franky to practice his circles and squiggles. I then get out the *Where in the World?* geography game. Today Sarah, Ted, and Joe will be focusing on North and South American countries. I explain a little bit about each country while they are playing the game, e.g., that Cuba is communist and that Argentina recently lost a battle with Great Britain over possession of the Falkland Islands. As a counterbalance to all this adult wisdom, I also

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confess that until we started playing this game I thought Bermuda and Haiti were somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. (Until I was 25 I thought Missouri was on the Gulf Coast. What can I say—I went to public school!)

Meanwhile, I have been called away at least five times to admire Beanie's lovely letters and to arbitrate disputes over who is hogging whose side of the blackboard. We are all looking forward to the summer, when I will be able to spend more time teaching the little ones using good old Calvert kindergarten. For the moment, the nonreaders get the shorter end of the stick. So I get out some pieces of paper and crayons and tell them to color, warning of dire consequences if I hear more squabbling.

In the summer we will have gingerbread baking lessons, alphabet flashcards, and cut-and-paste. We will roll snakes out of clay and turn them into miniature pottery. There will be songs and dances and stories and poems galore. This is also when the older ones will get more extensive history, art, music, science, and engineering lessons . . . sheer self-indulgence, in other words.

Back to springtime at the kitchen table. Ted is getting down the French tapes from International Linguistics while crayons and children roll underfoot. I settle down with Mercy back in my lap and the three older ones crowd around our one picture book. There is a little multiple-choice quiz at the end of each tape. Having scant faith in multiple-choice, I also ask them to describe various pictures from the lesson. When they all seem to have the vocabulary under control, we will move on to the next tape.

Math drill is next on the agenda. Mercy is asleep on the lambskin in her crib upstairs by now, and the two other little ones are outside on the swing set. So I send Joseph, our daydreamer, to get our Providence Project CalcuLadder drill sheets. "They're in the right-hand filing cabinet, in the second drawer from the bottom."

Naturally, he dawdles back a minute later claiming he can't find them. So I send Ted. He returns triumphantly bearing the drill-sheet file and casting contemptuous looks at Joe, who ignores him.

Our kids now hunch feverishly over their worksheets trying to beat the clock. If one succeeds, I draw a star on his or her paper and mark it on a sheet I use to see who is on which level. If not, I mark the time it took to complete the sheet. This way, we can tell from day to day whether we are progressing.

Today Ted finishes his sheet the first time, while Sarah and Joe each miss by only a few problems. They beg me to let them try once more. Feigning reluctance, I give in. I put the file away while Ted saunters off to do some work in his Saxon Algebra book. On a normal day, we also do some grammar and English composition work, and the other two also progress through their math books. I grade all the work as it is finished and answer any questions as they arise. Today, however, I received some new art appreciation materials in the mail, so Joe and Sarah gather around while we pore over pages of art reproductions. History and science lessons will take care of themselves, thanks to our extensive library of Usborne books, a heavily-used library card, and the world's greatest collection of time lines.

Now it's lunch, which means mail-opening time. Ted received another envelope from the Postal Commemorative Society—I think he is singlehandedly trying to double their annual budget. While he checks out their latest offering, the little ones clamor for stamps off our envelopes. Some days the pickings are good—we have received letters from as far away as Nepal. Today the hit of the day is a new flower catalog. I promise to read some of it to Beanie after lunch.

Ted will be out catching bugs and butterflies this afternoon. He will also be bugging me to add a packet of ornamental corn seed to my gardening list. He has visions of going into business selling it retail door-to-door and wholesale to the nursery down the road. Joe will be either writing a story or drawing numerous action-packed pictures featuring airplanes and fire engines (each of which he will bring to me for a few words of praise and encouragement), unless he decides to spend the whole afternoon outside on the swing set or exploring the yard.

Sooner or later someone will get out the Crayola marker set. Sarah will read a book or two to herself and one of the children will read to Frank and Beanie. I will be writing something or other on the computer: maybe answering letters, maybe working on a book. Bill will be running errands and entering orders for our home business on his computer. If one of us is not too busy, we might find time for a quick game of chess with Ted or Joe. The little kids will take naps (in theory). About a dozen times this afternoon someone will fall down or tease someone else or snitch someone else's toy. I will kiss the boo-boos, admonish the teasers, and deal out on-the-spot discipline to the thieves. There will also be numerous diaper-changes, tubs, messy faces that need scrubbing, and lessons in toothbrushing skills. (Amazing that the "experts" think all this only takes me 30 minutes a day!)

Suppertime is the signal to ask Daddy detailed science questions ("Why do candle flames go up?") and to beg Mommy to tell a story. Most of the stories feature three siblings who live in cottages on the edge of a deep forest wherein reside goblins and trolls. The goblins and trolls get snookered, and the children find their treasure and live happily ever after. This old plot, beloved of Ogden Nash, still is a hit.

Archaic fossils that we are, we never go out for the evening to "get away from the children." Bill might take out his telescope and let us look at the moon or Saturn. Sometimes we watch a video or read to the little ones. This is also prime time for chess or Stratego. Then we have family worship, and the younger ones toddle off to bed. Ted generally hangs around for a bit, exercising his privilege of reading for a while or just chatting with one of us before going to bed.

Our schedule is not untypical for a homeschooling

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family. Usually, Mom does most of the homeschooling while Dad works at a full-time job. In those families (like ours) where the father and/or mother are self-employed, the main difference is that the children get to spend more time with their father as well as with their mother. Since the average amount of time an American father spends with each child supposedly amounts to 30 seconds a day(!), homeschooling dads would *really* throw off those statistics.

I am not only spending time with my children. We are accomplishing things *together*. All our children thus far have learned to read shortly after turning four. And when I say read I mean *read*. Every one of them can read the encyclopedia with ease. I am also free to offer my five-year-old an acrylic painting class normally reserved for adults (we do this with art instruction videos). And our children can learn French or Latin or any other language we choose. *We* pick the resources; we are not hamstrung by what some committee somewhere thinks children can do.

We are very pleased with their standardized test scores (99th percentile in a grade level one year more advanced than the one normal for children their age). That, too, is fairly typical. Numerous *real* studies have shown homeschoolers average about two years ahead of their public-schooled peers.

I am saving the taxpayers $4,000 a year for each of my school-age children (based on the average cost per child of public school). That already amounts to $8,000 a year and soon will be up around $24,000. We are also saving *ourselves* money. If we were to send our children to private school, at an average cost of $2,000 per year per child, we would soon be spending $12,000 a year. Figuring that we need to make four dollars in order to come up with two spendable dollars (thanks to taxes, tithes, and other expenses), that means my "salary" for homeschooling, e.g., the money I save our family, will soon be around $24,000 a year, minus the amount we spend on materials. Not bad wages!

Now, the truth issue. Our homeschool is not censored. I can explore with the children the real differences between communism, democracy, and republicanism, for example. I can discuss the Pilgrims and the Indians without consulting with the American Indian movement to make sure everything I say about the Indians is flattering. (Not that everything we learn about the white settlers is always flattering, either.) I am not forced to present feminism and careerism as the One True Way, or to pretend that Gorbachev's Russia is morally equivalent to the USA. I am also not stuck with the hero-worshiping attitudes of some Christian curricula. We can get into *real* history and *real* culture studies, without the burden of propaganda from the right or the left.

Last, there is the issue that counts the most for 90 percent of homeschooling mothers—our children's spiritual heritage. Our kids are not going to be rootless nomads suckled by a peer group if we can help it. We do not have to worry about things like drugs, AIDS, and suicide because we are teaching them who they are and where God wants them to go. Not only our experience, but the experience of thousands of other homeschooling families shows that when parents get serious about training their children and protecting them from social evils they are not equipped to handle, the kids do turn out OK. It's just a question of who is raising them—Madison Avenue and the NEA (peer groups are not really original thinkers) or their own parents.

Our society has made the mistake of placing a high value on people whose jobs depend on other people's children having problems, but no value at all on parents who save their children from ever developing those problems in the first place. Today we "need" trillion-dollar budgets for programs to deal with social problems that *didn't even exist* when most mothers stayed home and took their job seriously. And many of our government leaders are screaming for *more* programs, while doing their best to liquidate at-home motherhood altogether.

Bill has a theory about the present trend toward government bureaucracies taking over family tasks. He posits that, since all tasks done within the family are nontaxable, our leaders have a financial interest in eliminating traditional motherhood. A mother who gardens, or makes her own clothes, or teaches her own children, or takes care of her aged relatives, or does charitable work, is doing all this for *free*. If the same work were done by professionals, every bit of it could be taxed. And regulated, too. Lots of money for the *nomenklatura* in Washington and elsewhere.

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Trustworthy estimates of the number of homeschooled children now hover around a quarter of a million, meaning somewhere between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand women are now employed in homeschooling. In other words, homeschooling is a growth profession for women today and deserves to be taken seriously.

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Still, even in the face of unremitting propaganda and strong financial disincentives, the number of active homeschoolers is doubling every year. Trustworthy estimates of the number of homeschooled children now hover around a quarter of a million, meaning somewhere between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand women are now employed in homeschooling. That's more than the number of female cops, airline pilots, and engineers all put together (all of whom are featured heavily in public school texts while at-home mothers are ignored). In other words, homeschooling is a growth profession for women today and deserves to be taken seriously. As Bill says, "If it is worthwhile work to take care of other people's children in a day-care center or to teach them in a school, it certainly is worthwhile work to do it on your own."

Everyone agrees that children are tremendously important and that "we" need to "do something" to insure that "our" children grow up happy and productive. "We" to many people means the "government" and one-size-fits-all central planning. To homeschoolers, it means Mom. ◇

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The Witch

by Leon Steinmetz

She was a witch,
I swear, she was a real witch!
—Gogol

When my novella, which I was writing obsessively all my senior year at the Academy and a year after that, was accepted by a publisher and I was given a modest advance, I decided to buy myself an apartment. I, of course, didn't have the money for a big or expensive place, so I bought a small, one-room flat in a cheap, prefabricated building on the outskirts of Moscow.

I moved from my mother's and began settling down. Only three or four apartments had been sold so far in the whole building, and on my floor, except for me, there was nobody. This was my first apartment, I was happy, and I walked around it, touching the smooth white walls, pasting up something here, nailing something there.

One morning I was standing on a stool, drilling a hole in the ceiling in order to put in a hook for a lamp, when I saw a large ambulance pulling into the courtyard.

What's that for? I thought.

The ambulance made a circle in the yard and stopped in front of my entrance. Its doors burst open and a small bearded man in a sweater and checkered pants jumped to the ground. The man went to the other door and helped out a bony young woman in a long red skirt. The woman was barefoot. A thick flaxen braid reached her waist.

The man and the woman climbed back into the ambulance and in a second a flowered loveseat emerged from it, accompanied by a rocking chair. Then the man pulled something by a rope and at the door, to my surprise, appeared the head of a pitch-black goat with large horns. The woman pushed the goat from behind, the goat jumped down, and she tied it to the ambulance door.

After that the man took a stretcher from the ambulance, laid it on the ground, and with the woman began piling on it paper bags filled with pots and pans. Both of them picked up the stretcher and went into the building entrance. Shortly the elevator rumbled on my floor. The sound of footsteps rustled past my door and faded down the corridor.

Ah, they're moving into one of those two-room flats; a medic, probably, I thought and started drilling again. Those arriving in the ambulance, meanwhile, made another trip to the yard and returned, leading the goat on a rope and carrying the boxes with dishes.

The ceiling of my apartment was reinforced concrete and it didn't give in. I pressed harder. Crack—the drill bit snapped in my hands. Devil! I changed the bit and with maddened effort pierced the ceiling. A wild crash and clatter of crockery rang out from the corridor. I stopped drilling and listened. Someone was knocking quietly at my door.

"Yes," I shouted, "come in."

The bearded man was standing in my doorway. Closer up I got a better look at him. He was about 40. His wiry hair bristled out in all directions. Streaks of gray broke here and there in it. He apparently had weak eyes, for the glass in his

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rimless spectacles was quite thick.

"Excuse me," he said, tugging at his beard, "do you, by any chance, have a broom? I just, devil take it, flipped the whole box of dishes out on the floor over there."

I got off the chair and gave him a broom and a dustpan.

"Thanks. I guess we're neighbors," he said, taking the broom in one hand and extending to me the other. "Doctor Wunderkind. The first name is Samson."

"Glad to meet you," I said.

This was how I made the acquaintance of the man. The next day I had an opportunity to meet the woman.

I went into the elevator and was about to push the button, when I heard footsteps. I looked out. My new neighbor was coming into the entrance. I held the elevator door for her. She came in and stood across from me. Her face was wide and splattered with freckles, her eyes were colorless. She looked at me without blinking.

She's barefoot again, I thought. And her feet are quite rough, evidently used to going barefoot. Probably one of those natural food freaks . . . Her braid is unusual, though. Nobody wears hair like that anymore.

"Why nobody? In my village everybody wears it this way," she said suddenly. Her voice was low and she spoke with a drawl like people from the North.

"You from a village?"

"Bityugovo, Archangel region."

The elevator stopped on our floor and the door opened.

"Are you the doctor's . . . " I wanted to say "maid."

"Wife," she blurted and walked down the corridor.

"Everybody wears it this way," I mumbled, unlocking my door. Wait a second, I didn't *say* anything about her hair . . . or did I? hm . . . well, I bet this Bityugovo is a tiny village up there in the woods.

And so I was not much surprised when a rope was stretched across their balcony and clumps of dry grass hung on it, swinging in the breeze.

Several times before dawn I recognized the slap of her bare feet walking up and down the corridor. And once, well after midnight, when I was sitting at my desk working—inspired by the accepted novella, I decided to create a novel, and spent nights writing—I suddenly heard somebody puffing heavily outside my door. I rushed to the door and threw it open. The black horned goat was rubbing itself against my door, sniffing my lock.

"How are you? Finished fixing up your place?" Doctor Wunderkind asked me when I ran into him in the courtyard.

"More or less. And you?"

"Almost. Have you signed up for a phone?"

"I've got one already."

"So quickly? They told me I had to wait for ten months."

"Well, the wife of their chief engineer's nephew is my mother's friend."

"That's always useful, to know someone's nephew," he grinned.

"Of course. Listen, if you have to make an urgent call or something, you're welcome to use it."

"You better beware, I might take you up on that," he said.

And, indeed, soon one evening he took advantage of my invitation.

"The public phone is ripped out . . . and you were kind enough . . . ," he said, pulling at his beard.

Having called, he glanced at the manuscript pages scattered over my desk. "What is it you're writing, may I ask?" He cocked his head a bit to one side.

"A novel, hopefully."

"Are you a fiction writer?"

"Not really. I just had a piece accepted."

"Wonderful. I also wrote at one time, poetry though. Used to write a lot of poems while in medical school. Submitted them to quite a few magazines. All were rejected. They said they were too murky."

"Your wife is an unusual woman; what does she do?"

"She doesn't *do* anything. She's a psychic."

"You mean she predicts?"

"And also charms pain away, tells fortunes, the whole bit."

"Can she tell my fortune?"

"Sure, why not."

"When?"

"Whenever you want."

"What about now?"

"We can try."

In the Wunderkinds' living room, next to the flowered loveseat and in front of the overfilled bookcase, there stood a wooden cage, in which I noticed several motley hens and a big brown rooster. The hens were sleeping, huddled in a corner of the cage. The rooster sat on a perch and from under a drooping comb squinted gloomily at me with one eye.

"Sasha!" the Doctor shouted. "Saashaa!"

From behind the closed door of the next room some sort of cooing was heard.

"She's putting Baba to bed," he said. "Baba can't fall asleep without her."

"Who's Baba?"

"The goat. Have a seat," he pointed to the rocking chair.

I sat down. The chair creaked under me. Wunderkind sat on the loveseat across from me.

"How about some tea?"

"No, thanks. You know," I said, "a few days ago, when I met your wife in the elevator, I had a kind of weird feeling that she read my thoughts. I wasn't really sure, though . . ."

"No doubt she did!" he chuckled. "Reading thoughts is easy as pie for her. She read mine, for example, even before they appeared in my own head."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I met her just a few weeks ago when I went into the Archangel region for my summer vacation . . . you know, walking through the woods with the backpack, spending nights in some tiny villages . . . I'm a psychiatrist and for me after all this tension it's just divine . . . Anyway, this time an unpleasant thing happened. My jaw suddenly bloated up. Terrible pain, nothing helped, and the nearest dentist two hundred and fifty miles away. And then, the old woman I had stayed overnight with said to me: 'There's a girl in our village who can charm it away. Go to her!' Sasha was that girl. She put a twig to my cheek, mumbled something and in a flash the pain vanished. Then she looked at me and said: 'You'll take me with you to

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Moscow.' She said it just like that, and then added: 'You'll take me as your wife with you to Moscow.' Can you imagine? And, you see, that's exactly what happened." Wunderkind became silent for a while and then continued, "I stayed with her in that Bityugovo village till the end of my vacation, and when I was about to leave, I realized that I couldn't live without her . . ."

While he said that, the door of the next room opened and Sasha appeared. Her flaxen hair now fell free over her shoulders. Looking past me as if I weren't in the room, she tiptoed to the chicken cage. The brown rooster, seeing her, fluttered, hopped off his perch, and fanning his tail, walked to the bars of the cage. She stuck her hand through the bars.

"Yiieh!" she exclaimed suddenly, turning to me and thrusting a big white egg almost under my nose. I flinched.

"Don't scare people, honey," Wunderkind said.

"Just joking," she smirked, showing her widely spaced teeth. "Did you buy millet for Vasily?" She went up to Wunderkind and put her palm on his crown.

"Yes, I did. Honey, do you think you might tell his fortune now?"

"I might, I might," with her colorless eyes she looked straight into mine. "You spread the millet," she said to her husband. He got up, took a small paper bag from the shelf and began strewing the grains on the floor of the cage. The rooster flicked his comb, looked askance at the millet and then began methodically hammering the floor, picking it up. The hens crawled from their corner, nodded, and joined him.

Sasha, meanwhile, took an old newspaper from somewhere behind the loveseat and laid it out on the floor near my feet.

"How do you tell fortunes, with cards?" I asked.

"With grass," she said solemnly.

She walked onto the balcony and took from the rope several clumps of dry grass.

"Put your feet on the paper," she said to me. "No, no, take off your shoes and socks. I need bare feet." I obeyed. "Roll your pants up higher." She squatted near my legs. "Umbala, bumbala, umbala, bumbala," she mumbled quietly, then faster, and faster, and louder. "BUMBALA!" she shouted and flung a clump of grass onto the newspaper. "BUMBALA-BEY!!" a few more clumps lay next to the first.

Doctor Wunderkind was back on the loveseat now, watching her with rapt attention.

"You're 22 years and four months old," she said, her eyes flashing at me.

"Is it right?" Wunderkind asked eagerly.

"Correct," I said.

"Your father abandoned you when you were three," she continued tossing more grass. "And after that you lived just with your mother."

"Absolutely accurate," I said, astonished.

"Recently you got some luck," she said raising herself up, "and because of that you're working now like a mule, but it'll be a waste of time."

"Why?" I asked.

"Shh, don't interrupt her," Wunderkind whispered.

"I'll tell you," she walked around me and then, her face sweating, and breathing heavily, she began jumping around me in a wild dance. "Because you should beware of false expectations!" she howled and threw dry grass on my head.

My novel was doomed! flashed through my head. I wanted to ask her more, but I didn't have a chance to. The door of the next room burst open, and the black goat, lowering her horns and stamping her hooves, charged at me.

"Baba, stop!" Wunderkind shouted.

I leapt from the chair just in time as it, knocked over by the horns, tumbled onto the floor. Wunderkind fell flat on the goat, trying to grab her horns. Sasha stopped dancing and watched them. Finally, he managed to get hold of the horns, and dragged the goat back to her room. Sasha followed them.

"Gosh," Wunderkind said, returning and shutting the door behind him, "she really hates it when Sasha goes into a trance, I've noticed that." From the next room a muffled grumble and Sasha's babbling could be heard.

"She definitely does," I said, picking up the chair and settling back into it. "I'd like your wife to tell me more . . . I can comprehend her reading my past, since my past, presumably, exists somewhere in my head. But the future? It doesn't exist yet. And it's just beyond me how one can read something which does *not* exist, which is yet to be! Or does it mean that the future is *existing* now?"

"Maybe it is, you see, maybe it is!" Doctor Wunderkind exclaimed, pacing back and forth about the room and tugging at his beard. "Maybe the present, and the past and the future exist *simultaneously*, maybe it's just one thing, one tangle, and we all are like blind men groping in the fog unable to see it! . . ." He stopped before me, the small, puny man, his thick glasses glistening. "But there are some people among us, exceptional people, who are linked to Nature's primordial force, who can penetrate this tangle! And Sasha is one of them!"

"Samsoon!" Sasha's voice came from behind the closed door. Wunderkind rushed there. In a second he came back. "I don't know what happened," he said, looking at me embarrassedly, "but it's absolutely impossible to calm Baba down while you're here. Sasha'll tell your fortune tomorrow. I'll get back to you. Is it okay?"

"Yes, of course, of course," I said, slipping my bare feet into my shoes and picking up my socks from the floor.

I went back to my apartment, tried to do something, but I couldn't. Again and again I returned to Wunderkind's words . . . the oneness of the present, the past and the future. But then, what connects them all? Death . . . Is it possible to foretell when and how it will happen to us? Is it possible to foresee what is there beyond that boundary? Or should we just wait till each of us learns it for himself?

I desperately wanted Sasha to continue telling my fortune, but for the next few days I didn't hear from the Wunderkinds. Finally, by the end of the week, unable to wait any longer, I went to them myself.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry for not getting back to you," Doctor Wunderkind said, opening the door.

"That's okay. How's Baba?" I said, not really knowing what to say.

"Well, she's strange, to say the least. In a kind of apathy, very unusual for her. And what's more, Sasha is the same way. Doesn't talk. Totally noncommunicative. So I couldn't

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really ask her about you . . . She's not home now, but come in, I'll show you something." And through the first room, he led me to the second, which I hadn't seen.

In the corner of the room, Baba the black goat was curled up next to a strange tall structure. Seeing me, she raised her head, then turned away. The structure was assembled from old, dirty boards and tree branches, and smeared with clay. On the floor in front of it lay the mound of dry grass.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Well, she wouldn't say, but I figured it out," Wunderkind said delightedly. "It's a symbol of the woods, her native environment, but mainly it's a *link*—it's her link to Nature's primeval force!"

After I left the Wunderkinds' apartment, I had to go downtown. So it was quite late when I came home that evening. I got out of the elevator and noticed, near the Wunderkinds' door, a figure in white. Sasha, in a long white gown and something white wound on her head, stood by the door, holding in one hand a jar of water, and in the other a brush. Babbling something, she would dip the brush into the water and draw circles and squares on the door. "Sasha! How're you?" I said. But she didn't answer, glanced at me wickedly and disappeared into the apartment. An odd bird, really, I thought. In olden times, they would have burned her at the stake in a second. I was too tired to do more than make it to my bed and collapse into slumber.

Thunder awakened me at 3:00 A.M. Somebody was pounding madly at my door. I rushed to open it. There, in the doorway, stood Doctor Wunderkind. His beard was bloody. Dark bloodstains were on the bedsheet he was wrapped in.

"I was wrong," he said hoarsely. "It was Yarila!"

"What?" I asked, gaping at him. "What Yarila?"

"That structure . . . it was not a link to Nature, it was a pagan idol, Yarila . . ." he gasped, "and she . . . wanted . . . to sacrifice me to him . . . telephone, I need . . . an ambulance, quick . . ."

I leapt to the phone and started dialing.

"Yes, tighten it here," Doctor Wunderkind said. He and I were standing in my bathroom, the bloody sheet lying on the floor. I was trying to bind two long deep slashes in his chest.

"Good thing she didn't hit the jugular. Now, bring the bandage under my arm, this way. Devil!" he winced. "Lucky I woke up in time."

"Why a sacrifice?" I mumbled. I was half-awake and couldn't quite figure out what was going on.

"She said that. Pull it tighter . . . right . . . when I knocked the razor away from her, she started begging me to let myself be sacrificed to this idol, Yarila . . . Devil, so much blood," he bit his lip.

"Where's she now?"

"In shock." He suddenly went pale and began sliding down to my feet.

A few minutes later, a siren of a huge white ambulance wailed in the courtyard below. Wunderkind regained consciousness but was very weak from loss of blood and could not walk. The orderlies put him on a stretcher. On another stretcher from the Wunderkinds' apartment they carried out Sasha. She lay still, like a stone, but her eyes were wide open. The pair of stretchers was shoved into the ambulance and, wailing and drowning everything around it in blue light, it tore out of the courtyard.

Sasha was not prosecuted. Doctor Wunderkind, in order to save her, declared that he attempted suicide because of exhaustion and work pressure. They didn't, however, return to their apartment. They divorced. She went back to the North, to her village of Bityugovo. He moved to the South, to the small town of Chistopol.

I abandoned the novel and began writing a play. ◇

Blood in Drancy

by Gloria Glickstein Brame

First, you must understand about Drancy:
you must understand that Drancy is not a bad place:
its whitewashed houses are like the open eyes of children;
anthropomorphic blooms are cultivated near pitched red roofs.

A fundamentally comforting cleanliness and uniformity prevail.
Although Jews awaited Nazi deportation here—
betrayed by collaborators, or, more often,
Parisian concierges who preferred vacant rooms—

ordinary prejudices
are insignificant when times are good.
No one holds Drancy responsible for a war.
No one from Drancy testified at Nuremberg.

So, when the deportation camps were eliminated
(a funny word), the town resumed its real life.
Drancy was restored to propriety and uniformity,
because times were good again.

My lover told me about the camp
from the terrace of a house which covered the site.
I heard playground screams and went inside,
and lit gas to steam milk for coffee.

He was suffering from the extraction
of an impacted wisdom tooth. Before going to bed,
he rinsed his gums with iced water to numb the pain.
He awoke with his mouth filled with blood.

The linens were speckled with stains; my shoulders, his chest
smeared red; the blanket suffused by animal smells.
Though he wept, the strangely agreeable heat of blood
lulled me back to sleep.

In the morning the bed was Nuremberg.
I was on trial. Again.
Later the doctor said he'd exacerbated things
himself by flushing the scab off his gums.

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The Garden Club

A Short Story

by Kit Reed

She knew she did it well, had done this well almost all her married life; she would spend days at it if she had to, just to make it right. Still, every time the members of the Garden Club came to Alicia's house, her mouth dried and her belly trembled.

Employed as she was now, for the first time in her life a working woman, Alicia understood she was suspect among the lovely friends of a lifetime, who carried their age lightly and chattered like girls. This made success here more important. She had to be good at life precisely because she was now good at work. It was as if each small gain in other areas increased her vulnerability, in some geometrically enlarged arena of risk. She did not so much court as create these moments of insupportable tension, which were only sometimes followed by a measurable triumph. It was necessary to win. Petty triumph, Alfred would have said. Well, he was wrong.

They would be here soon. Spilling into the house, the girls would make a pretty spectacle: Janice and Maud, exotic Clarita, who had Spanish blood, and Elise. Alicia could hardly wait to see them, all those well-dressed friends of her marriage nodding and rustling in the slanting dust-flecked sunlight, with their nails bright and their hair enhanced by touches of bronze or gold. Murmuring, they would hug her, the living complement to her carefully designed rooms; then they would take off their coats and judge. Although they would have been astounded at the suggestion, competition was the air they breathed. Smiling, they measured each other off. Alicia looked forward with love and fear to the moment when they finished their sherry and clustered in her dining room, judging the arrangement.

For the arrangement was everything.

How could she make the football hang in air above the miniature goalposts on her polished table, forever indicating victory: the means, or was it the emblem, eternally poised? How could she keep it in the air until they came? Could they tell from the way she used her blues that Yale was supposed to be the favorite? Would they know the roses symbolizing Harvard were overblown by design, to signify Harvard's defeat? Even fulfilling the Garden Club guidelines—centerpiece, Football Brunch—she wasn't sure she had it right.

"It's perfect," Alfred said when he came down at dawn today and discovered her in tears over the tottering goalposts, the unstable ball.

"It's not," she said, afraid God would hear and take everything away. ". . . Is it?"

"Everything you do looks wonderful to me," Alfred said

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indifferently, so promiscuous in his praise that she wasn't sure he saw.

"Something is wrong with it," she groaned.

"You shouldn't let these things bother you." He seemed pleased to find her worrying over flowers for once, instead of the job. "What are you doing?"

Her job! She was holding the phone book at arm's length, trying to make the numbers hold still. "Tad will know what to do."

"For Pete's sake it's Saturday morning! He's probably asleep."

"He's a runner," she told him with a proprietary thrill. "He'll be up."

Alfred's voice spiked in irritation. "Why didn't you ask me?"

"Because I knew what you'd say."

Of course Tad came, her young employer in his Saturday sweats soberly bending over the arrangement, never once suggesting even by inflection that this was a waste of his time. She leaned close, absorbed, as he did magic with a piece of wire. "You do good work," he said.

Alicia knew what he was too polite to say, that there were better places to do it, yet she did not so much suffer as encourage the Garden Club, traveling to Hartford for the special glass marbles, setting bachelor's buttons in washable blue ink to enhance the color, getting up at five to arrange the fresh flowers, using her own breath to fog and polish the fruitwood table. If at her new job in the library she had to spend hours searching a title for some medieval scholar, if she could never catch up on the paperwork Tad and the other kids in their 20's seemed to toss off in minutes, she was still good at this. In the moment before they came, she could be perfect.

Alicia loved the way her house looked in the morning light, the golden promises of autumn in this near-perfect moment right before they came. It was her favorite time of the year, and the saddest; everything was so pretty, its time so short . . . She had dressed in rust today, to match the leaves; the committee would come in fall colors—Janice and Maud, Clarita and Elise, whose race memory, or sense of the appropriate, would direct their color choices as it had every October since they first went off to college, five tremulous, gawky girls. When they were standing around it, admiring, her arrangement would be complete.

Alfred was out raking leaves in old boots and a Shetland sweater; in a few hours she would hear cheering from the Yale Bowl as the crowd rose for the kickoff. Thirty years ago she and Alfred used to walk out to the Bowl with hundreds of others, lugging blankets and thermoses. She remembered her doctor in another autumn, waving at the open hospital window: hear them cheering? By the time the game is over, you will have your baby. Yes, it was a cliché. She loved clichés. Hence the arrangement.

She had begun to understand that there were in life challenges it was appropriate to meet and others it was better to avoid.

Within the circle of the Garden Club she still had the capability, as the computer people said, of fulfillment. At least she needed to tell herself this when, in fact, she understood—if she understood anything—that life had been created to demonstrate Goedel's Theorem of Incompleteness, unless Goedel's theorem was an analog for life—the hand forever reaching for the eternally receding cup.

You are too smart to sit home, her young boss had said after their first conversation, in the year she went back to school. She was not sure what he saw when he looked at her. Whether he had spoken out of admiration or pity she still did not know.

She would have put it another way. Her children were grown. Her watercolors had dried up in their tubes, which was all right because in her new, apparently insatiable drive for excellence she understood that her paintings had never been anything more than ladylike. Abandoned when she gave up photography, her darkroom filled up with wintering plants. She could no longer be certain she was at the beginning and not the end of something.

Then one night she woke up screaming and felt Alfred gently trying to disengage her fingers even as he patted her back and murmured, from long practice, *There there, Lissy, there there.*

So she went back to school. At the university she had to run hard to stay in one place among swift, indifferent kids who did well precisely because they didn't need it. She used to go home exhausted while the kids, her classmates, ran around like jackrabbits, falling into bed with just anybody anywhere, any time, dancing if they wanted to, partying late into the night. Well, let them. She was better organized. She took some assurance from her surroundings, or was it the setting she had created: the glinting prisms in her chandeliers, the polished surfaces of her ancestral furniture, feeding on her reflected image in the beveled mirror her great-grandparents had taken from New York to Baltimore in the back of a wagon. Standing in the dust-shot sunlight she thought she saw her own reflected face receding; I need to be useful, she told the image, *useful.*

When she blundered into the Manuscripts Library, stymied by a graduate school assignment, Tad Elson was more than kind. Did she remind him of his mother or was there more? Although she preferred not to admit it, he had invented her, directing her thesis, creating a job for her. Well, it was easy for him to make large gestures. *Everything is easy for Tad*, she thought resentfully.

Unlike Tad, she had to work long hours to accomplish anything. Unlike handsome, careless Tad, who had a small car and a girlfriend, she hated to go home. Still, she could spend only so long at the library. When she got back to the house, no matter how late it was or how many lights she had left on, it would be empty and too dark. At least she no longer imagined she heard the voices of her grown children somewhere in the house. Howard was working for an oil company in Saudi Arabia and Martha was married and living in Florida. Even in summer the house seemed cold and no matter how exhausted she was, she would have to start dinner for Alfred, who had begun to affect a neglected air.

When it was all she did outside the home, Alfred loved her work with flowers. He used to come up behind her and put his arms around her waist, chin on her shoulder, admiring the arrangement.

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When the kids were young Alfred had spent thousands helping her to complete her prizewinners—especially the one she'd wrought with her bare hands in the garage, using exotic jungle flowers and a vase from Sotheby's; she had replicated it in Bermuda to win the Grand Prize. She had made successes here; she had been photographed, and written up. He had bought her a ring.

At the dinner table in those days Alfred would sometimes reach for her hand, in front of guests who smiled indulgently: "Lissy. Isn't she wonderful? The flowers!" He would pull her close when the company left, his face crushing her hair.

They were never closer than at those moments. Everything she did in those days was a credit to him.

At first he treated her graduate career like another extension, or enhancement of himself, jetting to Europe to make a holiday of her scholarly errands, meeting her in the shade of some abbey in England or in Bonn for yet another honeymoon; couldn't he see she was serious? Recreating herself, she began to argue at dinner parties like a bright teenager discovering her powers. Newly assertive, she found she interrupted Alfred to tell the girls' admiring husbands about pigment on vellum, or cleaning incunables, and in thanks for support, she had dedicated her thesis to him.

She had surpassed the dear girls who were coming to her house today, her partners at innumerable bridge luncheons, loving givers of gifts at baby and wedding showers, by going back to school and taking a paying job. By having male colleagues, whom she could have lunch with, Alicia had changed her standing among them; yet this created a puzzle: why should they judge her more harshly, precisely because she had accomplished more than they?

("If you work too hard you'll lose your looks," Elise had said, quite gratuitously.

"Don't get so busy you lose track of your man," dark-haired Clarita said to Alicia before she had intimations that her own husband had strayed.)

But the girls had gotten together to give her a black-tie dinner party when she got her master's; when Tad gave her the job, they took her to lunch. They were almost as pleased as Alfred. They had been college classmates, frantic mothers at a collective play group, who some years later discussed the loves and losses of their grown children with the same passion they'd had for their own; they were her friends.

Then why should her face ache and her shoulders twitch because they were coming up the drive? No matter how she tried to stabilize the miniature football it dropped to a vertical position, dangling foolishly over the clever teakwood goalposts she'd paid McBride to build. No matter how carefully she walked, the wretched thing quivered and tipped. Why should she think they wanted her to fail?

She'd read or dreamed she read about a transplant doctor in one of those bizarre weekly tabloids—a medical genius whose work on organ transplants was without peer. It was rumored that his taste for the delicate meat was such that he did the most exquisite of excisions—no scrap of inflamed tissue left anywhere because he was not so much ravenous as intoxicated by quality. Did he cook it right there, over a Bunsen burner in a corner of the operating theater, or did he like to take it home and eat it raw? Did he do this secretly, or did he offer bits to his resident, to the anaesthesiologist? Did the nurses jump for leftovers, snapping like hunting dogs eager for a reward? Sometimes it seemed one way to her, at other times, another. Was he a figment of her imagination? She did not know.

She did know that anyone who aspired to success had to rise above detractors. If the doctor really ate the meat, then he probably deserved it. He had replaced failing hearts and kidneys with good ones, he was conferring life. He had a high function, an unassailable place in society. If she won the first round of judging in this category, let the women, walking away from the house, draw this picture if it pleased them: Alicia crouched in a corner, devouring baby's breath.

"Use a coathanger," Tad had said—a serious scholar who cared enough to give her the time. "You can prop it with a coathanger." Well, this had almost worked. In some respect it had worked, because she would be able to say to the girls, "If the football wobbles it's my boss's fault. He came all the way over just to advise."

She wished the girls would hurry; it was only a matter of time before the goalposts listed in spite of the supporting marbles, and the whole thing began to slide.

Was Tad stifling laughter this morning, dutifully praising her work? Although he made a great show of being egalitarian he might despise her for having money, even as she would always secretly resent him, for being young. She would never admit he had invented her, any more than she would forgive him for finding her weeping in the stacks that first day. Had he really seen promise in her, or was she his welfare work?

Useful. She couldn't remember whether he'd heard her say it aloud. Tad had pushed through her master's thesis to high honors in spite of the committee's complaints that Alfred's money bought trips other graduate students couldn't afford to make to all those museums and monasteries abroad. A good administrator, Tad needed to protect his predictions; he sent her to professional meetings, sometimes in his stead.

"Use initials when you publish," he said. "Your first name sounds a little—I don't know."

At parties Alfred boasted that his wife had been invited to give a paper in Kansas City or Quebec; she came home late to find him standing in the kitchen, angrily stabbing his fork into an open can of beans. She had redeemed that one by producing the *paté en croute* she'd made and frozen against such eventualities; still the angel on the hearth, OK?

For a while she got up in the night to keep the kitchen immaculate, bought a cocktail dress in American Beauty Rose because it made her look frivolous. She had to keep proving herself. In spite of his frequent presents and surprises, she still did not know; did her accomplishments make Alfred proud or angry, or did he need to keep her occupied, for reasons she could not divine?

She and Tad found it important to believe that he was not sorry for her and she did not envy him; that she wasn't really rich. Now that she'd almost finished creating herself, she found it necessary to dispute him in staff meetings, to argue over fine points of dating certain Books of Hours, even though he had hired her knowing that she would never really need a paycheck, not for food or lodging, not even for

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cigarettes or for the curator's wardrobe, in tones of prune and raisin, that she had bought to convince. She put on her new position like a costume, affecting a scholar's stoop. She would do anything to erase the housewife and dabbler, the woman she had been.

Leaving the Manuscripts Library promptly at five, Tad often looked at her with the assurance of a born careerist: "That doesn't need doing now." He might guess at the empty house, but he could not imagine the anxiety that kept her at her desk.

"You don't understand," she would tell him, "you've always worked. It's going to take me the rest of my life to catch up." If she fell short they would seize her liver; if she failed at this she deserved to have it eaten, down to the last delicious shred. It was Tad's fault that she had expanded her area of vulnerability. There were so many more things in her life now than there used to be, that she might do wrong. Going back to school she had imagined, rather, that she was covering the exits—the number of places where she put herself on the line.

This was best: this moment before the women came; the light falling on the polished table in her silent house. When she felt ready she would bring the parts of her life together; she was going to dazzle her colleagues and the Garden Club with medieval illumination, wrought in flowers: an illustrated capital, she thought, but at the moment she could not decide which letter she would choose. Once again, she would win the international competition, and Alfred—what would Alfred do?

Her most beautiful arrangement would always be The Moon Walk, conceived when her children were still young and opening faces like flowers at the dinner table, in the uncomplicated days when she was primarily a homemaker, well before she enlarged the area of risk. This was before she became a competitor outside her local club, and she would always like it best because it didn't matter at all and therefore she had accomplished it with the careless grace of a Zen archer: a perfect iris curving from the perfect silver tube.

Accepting the trophy, she had never imagined that she would want anything more.

But they were here: the committee—Clarita and Janice, Maud and Elise, the friends—all right, the friends of her youth. She had drunk and giggled with these dear girls on the way to and from sorority meetings and college mixers and, in adulthood, in the car on the way to dozens of flower shows. They had cooked and dressed up for each other from the early days around tiny kitchen tables in first apartments cluttered by small children's toys, through the years they had spent decorating gracious houses appropriate to their station, making festivities in spite of everything that happened to them, or perhaps because of it.

They had soldiered through cocktail parties at the Yacht Club and dinner parties without number, giggling on the sidelines at their children's weddings. They'd even managed to make a party of the luncheon after Clarita, the Castilian beauty, won her divorce.

It made Alicia proud to see them filing into her carefully kept house today: pretty and gratifyingly ageless in their autumn costumes, serene in the context of orderly households, successful grown children, exercise classes and clubs such as this one. It gave her a sense of well-being, of the order and fitness of life. She was rich beyond money: she had her place in the university library and yet she still belonged here. She loved the cashmeres and tweeds her oldest friends wore to her house, the muted lipsticks and nail gloss with which they honored her, the touches of antique gold.

"Lissy, darling."

". . . so glad to *see* you."

"So happy you came."

"Everything is just lovely."

It was; Ardena had cleaned yesterday, while she was at work, and as they did so often now, she and Alfred had eaten out. So few things happened in the house on Friday nights

Denial, Dream

by Gloria Glickstein Brame

Climbing out of vivid scenes,
coughing an incoherent word
in the pillow, I woke, thinking I heard
you move. It was a dream.

This bed is wide empty earth,
a landscape devoid of intimacy.
Are you leaving me?
I've been waiting for that.

Are you leaving? I know
it from signs in the way
people charge through the street, deranged
by heat, the narrowness of the road,

and the search for consolation.
Your sleep is transparent
and deep, without feeling.
Outside, faces belie a preoccupation

with death. Hurried, magnetized,
they drag the pavement into their lives.
Your sleeping hand avoids mine.
You're already planning lies.

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these days that the nap on the carpets was still raised. The cut crystal glimmered and every fruitwood and mahogany surface shone.

"Lissy, you look wonderful."

She could see from their eyes she did not. In a moment of schizophrenia she had accidentally mismatched the parts of her life. She had on her mannish rusty raisin-colored curator's blouse with the disproportionately fussy skirt she wore to the last flower show. She didn't know whether the flesh on her shanks had fallen away since she began to live the life of the mind or whether it was her guilty imagination, but her panty hose seemed baggy today, and, lord, her *shoes*.

"The arrangement, Lissy . . ."

"Oh girls, let's have sherry first."

They had always loved to gossip over a little drink. There was something wonderful about being together and looking marvelous; it gave them a sense of invulnerability, more: the illusion that they were still really girls.

In the old days before Alicia was tied up on weekdays, she used to travel with them to flower shows in cities as far away as Boston and New York; they liked to hire a limousine so they could, what was it Maud said? So they could let their hair down, chattering over a thermos full of Bloody Marys without worrying about who was going to drive, or whether they could make the train. They liked to top off the show with a three-hour lunch. They always did a little shopping in the best stores, encouraging each other to spend too much, and at the end of the afternoon they would command a shaker of martinis for the return trip, laughing and leaning exaggeratedly as the limousine took gentle curves. Like a homesick child, Alicia wished for the pretty simplicity of that life.

Clarita was particularly beautiful today, in a cocoa suit with a peach cashmere; her hair was so exquisitely done that it was impossible to tell whether it was only frosted, or whether the frosting concealed grey. She had recovered beautifully from the divorce, took support from the fact that since the split she had thrived and triumphed, while her ex was already separated from his popsy, and miserable. Alicia had heard that there was a new man — somebody she had met on a cruise, but she could not tell from Clarita's expression whether this was true, nor could she read anything in Clarita's eyes. Her vision of Clarita was surrounded or overshadowed as if by a hologram: she had a completely different image of Clarita, as she had been when she found out her husband was leaving her.

It was in the spring that they were studying Japanese flower arranging at Clarita's house — using cherry blossoms flown in at vast expense from God knows where. Like most cruel springs it was extraordinarily beautiful; Alicia remembered touching the blossoms, the polished pebbles, and not so much learning as *grasping* in an instant the complexity of the East. Was it six years ago? Eight? In those prelapsarian days things were not so much learned as known. She loved them all best as they were that lovely morning, five women, gracefully disposed.

How had they found out about Clarita's husband? Did she tell them, or did they already know?

All Alicia could remember was sunlight and too much sherry, the women dreaming along until the surface fragmented, Clarita's pretty face distorting: "Some women — bitches — all they care about is that little *thing* hanging down." Alicia had heard or had not heard something, somebody, clang: better get a job. Her mouth filled with tears, not for what had happened to Clarita but for the loveliness, the possibilities.

Last New Year's Alfred had carried her off protesting, took her away from work right in the middle of the week — he was going to keep her at the Plaza for three days; she imagined herself barefoot and cherished, wrapped in filmy gowns. Perhaps he was only being nice or maybe he was trying to turn her into something else, the silken wife; in bed he was like a desperate boy. She would always remember the lines and planes of the city as massed violet shadows, every vista an Art Deco illustration of something she'd never had.

Leaving the hotel to go back to their lives, Alfred tucked her into a taxi as if placing something precious in a box; catching his expression of loving confusion, she was pierced by its sweetness — unexpected at this point in a long married life. She had opened her mouth to express — what? But he was already saying, *Better hurry, we don't want to miss our train*.

She was stirred. At the time she had been relieved to get back to the Manuscripts Library, where everything was safely past. At the office she could push her sweater sleeves above her elbows and keep her glasses on all day if she wanted to, hunched in the posture of concentration, just like all the other kids. When she had been at work for enough years, she thought, she could simply *be* this without having to think about it. She would be spared the interference of that nasty inner part that always pulled back like a camera, relentlessly recording: Alicia in costume at her desk in Medieval Manuscripts, assuming a pose.

It was recording now. The girls loved the arrangement, the most imaginative they would see today. They wanted Alicia to put on her things and come with them to judge the rest — didn't she want to change her shoes? Caught up in their laughter she would do this; coming down, she would hear and record indelibly the fragmented, telling phrase: ". . . saw him somewhere . . ." Who had said that in the flurry as they followed her to the dining table? Clarita? To which of the others? Not to her. Probably Alicia already knew, knew everything but the woman's name.

But her arrangement was the winner today. Laughing, they would rush her out of the house, past the implicated Alfred, who was still leaning on his rake, standing among the leaves in his Shetland sweater; they would be gone in a golden whirl. She had won this competition, yes, and if on Monday Alicia found reason to fight with Tad over a point of scholarship, it would not be because of what she had overheard, or already knew; no. She was a serious medievalist. It was time for her to come into her own.

She was like the doctor now, crouching over the lights, the liver, extracting the last tantalizingly delicious bits; she had developed a taste. The arrangement was a success; the monograph she was working on with Tad was going to become her book, even if it necessitated a major rupture with him — after all he was only a mediocre dabbler while she was going to be a major scholar, just cutting her teeth on this first publishable piece. ◈

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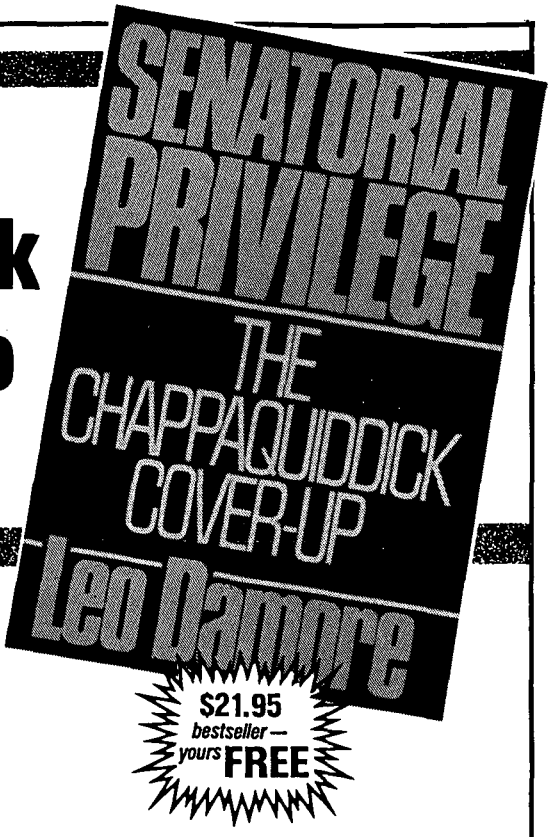
Despite a media brownout, this book fought its way onto the bestseller lists.



And when you read what it reveals about Teddy and Chappaquiddick, you'll see why.

Ray Kerrison explains it all in his *New York Post* column:

"The biggest surprise — and scandal — of the publishing season is the public's extraordinary demand for a book exposing Sen. Edward Kennedy's fatal escapade at Chappaquiddick, despite a review blackout by the nation's media giants.

This book is titled *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up* (Regnery Gateway, $21.95). Written by Leo Damore, it made the *New York Times* non-fiction best-seller list yesterday for the eighth straight week.

Yet the . . . *Washington Post, Los Angeles Times, Boston Globe, Time* and *Newsweek* have all boycotted it.

The media blackout is all the more suspicious because Damore's account is a meticulous examination of what happened at the bridge and the aftermath. It was written with the cooperation of Joseph Gargan, a Kennedy cousin, who was involved in the nightmare. . . .

Damore's book leaves no doubt that: a) Kennedy left the party for a romantic interlude; b) he was drunk; c) he drove off the bridge at considerable speed; and d) his license had expired five months earlier.

It discloses how Ted Sorenson, President John F. Kennedy's speechwriter, drafted Sen. Kennedy's fictitious explanation of the tragedy for a national TV audience."

People Magazine shares the enthusiasm:

"An achievement of reportorial diligence, this book tells a story that the most imaginative crime novelist would have been hard put to invent. It is a tale of death, intrigue, obstruction of justice, corruption and politics. It is also one view of why Sen. Edward M. Kennedy was never indicted in connection with Mary Jo Kopechne's death . . . readers will find it hard to put down."

Adds the **Wall Street Journal**:

"Absorbing and definitive account . . . Damore . . . is a disciplined and relentless writer who makes his case more devastating because he never steps back and editorializes. Each falsehood, blunder and evasion is in tight focus. . ."

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The Ties That Bind

by Jean Bethke Elshtain

"The state has no tool delicate enough to deracinate the rooted habits and tangled affections of the family."

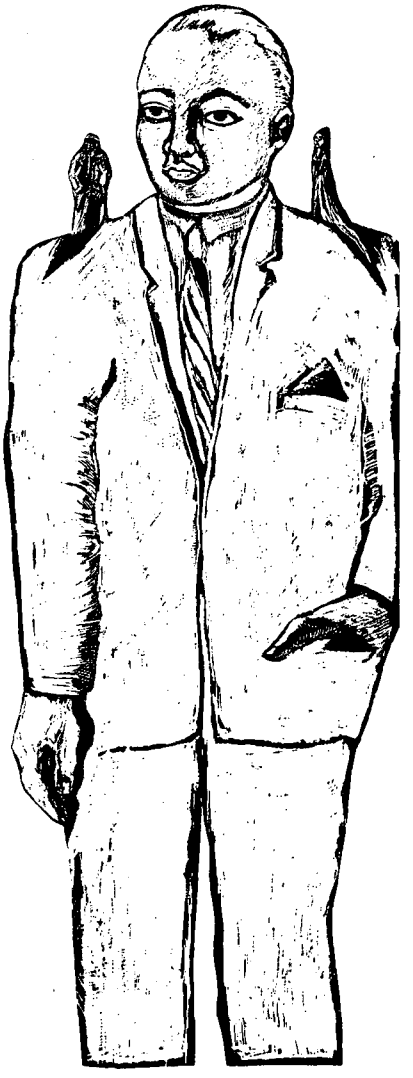
—G.K. Chesterton

Family Questions: Reflections on the American Social Crisis
by Allan C. Carlson
New Brunswick: Transaction Books; 335 pp., $34.95

◆

Allan Carlson is a humane man, an effective polemicist, a dedicated familialist, and a scholar trained in macroeconomic theory with its panoply of techniques and its characteristic lingo—opportunity costs, utility curves, and the like. This makes for an interesting, at times convincing, at other points unconvincing approach to the many terrible problems that bedevil contemporary America as a society as well as individual men and women and children. In the past several decades we have witnessed a rise, sometimes dramatic, sometimes less so, in abortion, divorce, child abuse, crime, youth suicide, and female employment outside the home; a decline in the birthrate; and a rise in what used to be called "illegitimacy" but is now to be characterized in ways that involve no normative judgment (e.g., "out of wedlock births" or, if that is too heavy, "independent motherhood"). Is there any connection between these diverse phenomena? If so, what might it be? Are each of these developments equally to be deplored? If so, why?

Carlson is angry about the way these problems, often seen as crises, have emerged; about how experts have moved in to "manage" them after having, on his reading of the situation, helped to create the trouble in the first place; and about the hegemony of a



certain sort of cool, public-policy, neostatist liberalism that sees ordinary Americans, so he claims, as so much grist for the managerial mill. His populist ire gives passion and movement to his text. I found especially interesting, and lots of fun, his attack on those who attack shopping malls as consumerist sites that speak only to American greed or to a collective taste for banality. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere, Carlson's understandable desire to defend the "choices" and "moral preferences" of ordinary folks against the lofty and snide ministrations of various social critics blinds him to some real problems that do not lend themselves to such a clear-cut case of good Ordinary Joe and Jane vs. their elitist tormentors.

I will stay with the case of the shopping mall, love it or leave it, for a moment just to illustrate the strengths and weaknesses of Carlson's overall approach. First, he attacks the literati who "despise the shopping mall," and some of the citations from some of the diatribes are pretty amazing, especially the wild correlations proffered by one William Kowinski who, in a book arguing that America has been mugged by malls, notes knowingly that William Calley of My Lai infamy "left prison to work in a mall," or that "The history of atomic terror parallels the growth of malldom." As Bob Dylan once said, "Wowee, pretty scary." Going after this sort of silliness is like shooting fish in a barrel, although, as a good polemicist, Carlson is well within his discursive rights to clobber these folks. But in countering the most extreme version of his opponents' case, he mounts such a strong pro-mall argument that I began to feel derelict in my civic duty that I don't spend at least several hours a day haunting my local malls.

To make the pro-mall case as an instance of free-market populist democracy in action, Carlson paints an appalling picture of the big city—as a "prison campus" run by "an antidemocratic cabal of judges and bureaucrats" who force various amoral visions upon the

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populace. There is enough truth in his sketch of "human predators" running amok in the parks and streets of American cities that one begins to squirm. But just as the attacks of his opponents on malls are overly simplistic and harsh, Carlson's portrait of the big bad city as antinomy is too severe. In addition, he refuses to come to grips with the ways in which many of the woes of big cities lie not only in the bewildering array of federal policies and programs dumped in their laps with insufficient resources to carry out their efficient ministration, but in their status (since 1873 and the Dartmouth case) as playthings of giant corporations which can move in, use a city, even abuse it, and then escape if things aren't going their way.

Much of the opposition to malls, then, comes not only from the predictable snobbery of those who disdain American popular culture in any of its guises, but from folks seeking to *preserve* the very values and virtues Carlson himself cherishes. It seems odd that Carlson chides those who saw the building of a huge mall by Pyramid Companies as a "threat to the Vermont way of life." Surely what they had in mind was the environmental disruption—not just the uprooting of local ecosystems huge construction often requires, but putting small mom-and-pop shops that have somehow survived on Main Street out of business. My hunch is that Carlson's anti-elitism may, at times, push him into too strong an endorsement of market forces as expressing, somehow, "popular democracy" at work. It is not at all clear to me that this is the case. At times such forces, with the enormous economic compulsions that can be brought to bear in and against a community, run roughshod over the popular will rather than enact it. Here one would have to go on a case-by-case basis. No grand overarching theory, whether political or economic, could cover everything.

But I have jumped ahead of my story. Let's begin at Carlson's beginning. He notes that the family "is actually in the throes of basic upheaval." The statistical evidence is clear—soaring rise in the rates of all the items noted above, including divorce. Carlson then states his theses with admirable clarity: (1) A central purpose of the human species is reproduction, (2) The family is a universal institution, (3) Governments or states have "an infinite capacity to harm or disrupt the family and very limited ability to help it," (4) "The American system of liberal capitalism holds an unusual relationship with the family institution." (Carlson further explains his fourth thesis by insisting that "Capitalism needs the family as regulator, or control, over the economic system's baser instincts." But the family, by contrast, "does not need industrial capitalism to the same degree.") Points (5) and (6), respectively, are that a free society can easily accommodate the family "so long as the family is seen as the repository of unique rights and obligations," and, finally, that the negative turn of statistics may overstate the case for social breakdown.

He then moves to treat each thesis by examining six "questions": Gender, Population, Economic, Sexual, Age, and the State. The many questions imbedded in each of these areas is daunting. Because Carlson is determined to cover so much, at times his analyses are frustratingly truncated, too abbreviated to do much more than hit and run. But the many items he hits before running are essential ones that put strong demands on analysts of other stripes.

Let me note several areas of general agreement between Carlson and myself before I raise additional questions. He seems to me right on target to remind us that 50 percent of mothers of preschool age children do not work, contrary to the constructions that now dominate our discourse which make stay-at-home mothers not only nigh invisible but tend to silence them as a residual category not worthy of a strong public voice. His yearning for a restoration of some modern version of the old family wage idea is one I share, although I do not share the normative implications he packs into it for female domesticity. I agree with him that much that comes parading through town under the banner of "choice" is actually a new set of constraints and compulsions. More and more women, for example, testify that the "choice" to abort post-amniocentesis if they are carrying a "defective" child is nearly irresistible: they become "bad mothers" by carrying a child to term rather than aborting it! "Choice" and "constraint" *always* go hand-in-hand.

Carlson is also right that an enormous amount of outright silliness has been and is carried within the frame of professionalized academic discourses, especially those of "mental health." He is correct to be dubious, and angered, by those pathetic few who promote destruction of the incest taboo as just another mode of cultural transformation. He is right to be outraged at the horrors perpetrated by eugenicists and their allies within the forces of progressivism who bought the eugenicist line and that led to the forced sterilization of the so-called feebleminded by the thousands in the interwar period. He is appropriately off-put by some feminist language that characterizes motherhood (just one example) as a "breeder-feeder role." (We're not talking fanatical fringe here, either, but respected mainstream folks who somehow fell into this kind of judgmental usage. Who needs misogynists when your ostensible friends describe you like that?)

Finally, he does well to point out that Planned Parenthood, as just one example, has always promulgated a normative vision, whether pro- or antinatalist, and that its claims to the neutral dispensing of information are bogus. It is an *interested* outfit. Whether one concurs or not with its interests, it is dishonest to deny that they constitute a particular set of terms of inclusion and exclusion for what is or is not to count as "normal" or "appropriate" sexuality and how it is to be achieved. They are pushing particular values; the Catholic Church is pushing alternative values, and so on. Of course their research studies are not disinterested. But this is the easy part. More difficult by far is how we analyze the construction of problems and the promulgation of solutions. Carlson loses his surefootedness in this part of his task, in large part (it seems to me) because there is an inevitable clash between "macroeconomic" and "motivational" approaches. The former looks at aggregate outcomes, and assesses some as preferable to others. The latter requires plumbing how and why *individuals* act. To too readily collapse the motivational dimension into the macroeconomical grinder is deeply problematic.

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For example: suppose one concurs with Carlson's analysis of the problematic effects over time of Social Security on income transfer from the young to the old, thus loosening family bonds. (Do not suppose that *I* suppose that: I am really unsure and I haven't done the reading and research that would give me the right to proffer even a provisionary opinion.) That the system on the macro level "relies" on a sufficiently large number of children to "pay for promised future pensions and other welfare benefits" yet, simultaneously, makes "childbearing economically foolish," does put the system, in an aggregate sense, in an anomalous situation. But does it follow from this that those ordinary Americans in whom Carlson places such trust will knowingly cut the number of children they *might* have had in light of their assumption that, macroeconomically, other folks will have a sufficient number of children to keep the system intact from which they will derive benefits once they reach age 65? I have a hunch that "baby or no baby" decisions don't come about like that.

But it is to Carlson's fourth thesis, namely that "the American system of liberal capitalism holds an unusual relationship with the family institution," that I want to turn in order to offer a few insights from the vantage point of political and social theory. Carlson describes the nuclear family "fit" with liberal capitalism, when it is at its happiest point of symbiosis, as one in which the family provides both ballast and the possibility for sufficient mobility such that it ("as a highly mobile unity") can "follow the market signals that would raise their incomes while also increasing market efficiency." This is, at best, a highly unstable, asymmetrical relationship, and the family as the intergenerational matrix of human identity is bound to wither as mobility wins. And when mobility wins, people are more and more severed from the ties that bind. This bodes ill for the survival of anything that resembles the supporting surroundings (kin, neighborhoods) that help to sustain familial relations. Carlson's double commitment to robust families and a robust market is, at best, riddled with ambiguities.

Democratic politics and families have always existed in tension with one another. Capitalism and families have always existed in tension with one another. Indeed, I daresay, socialism and families are not a happy mix. Maybe this tells us something about families. Michael Walzer, in *Spheres of Justice*, suggests that attempts, whether from defenders or opponents of the market, to restructure the family in order to make it "fit" neatly with some abstract scheme of total justice or some overarching systemic macroeconomic theory, are always problematic, even disastrous. Carlson, I believe, recognizes this — indeed, even endorses it. But his commitment to capitalism and democracy — but *only* if the family (as "ballast") survives — does not, finally, work, at least not in the way he wants it to and the way his arguments require that it must. The "Family Policy for a Free People" he promulgates at the conclusion of *Family Questions* relies, as he recognizes, on continued productivity and prosperity, and that may not be in the cards. Plus, many of the welfare state measures he blasts for their baneful unintended consequences (and sometimes their baneful intended ones, on his reading) are a complex concatenation of expert schemas and popular initiatives and demands based upon real needs and genuine troubles.

I have no solution. I am not even sure how best to formulate many of the problems. But I agree with Allan Carlson that what might be called the "unbearable lightness" of many by-now threadbare liberal-statist approaches, approaches that consistently enable their proponents to refuse to look at the dark underside of their well-advertised nostrums, has lost credibility. Carlson has plenty of company on the independent left in that assessment. But where these thinkers, myself included, must stand apart is in our respective assessments of what capitalism is and what it does. When Carlson talks about capitalism the images are those of forces unloosed — rather like Marx in *The Communist Manifesto* — with outcomes that are far more beneficial than baneful. Macroeconomically speaking, he may be right. But a heavy price in human misery has been paid and continues to be paid along the way. When prices in the gas pumps in Nashville, Tennessee, jump three or four cents per gallon just two days after the *Exxon Valdez* has forever marred a precious environment and destroyed tens of thousands of innocent creatures with whom we share this planet, I *know* something is amiss. I would like Allan Carlson's analysis of what that is — precisely because he is a man who loves his family and his country, and who worries about our particular and collective fates.

LIBERAL ARTS

YOU CAN BURN IT, TRAMPLE IT, BUT JUST DON'T FLY IT

Gena Contreras didn't like the snapping and popping of neighbor Lee Bach's big U.S. flag atop a 40-foot flagpole. So she filed a public-nuisance case. Tuesday, in a Las Cruces, N.M., courtroom, the World War II naval veteran was found guilty of violating a noise law by flying the flag on windy days. About 80 veterans responded to the verdict by hissing, and Bach responded, "If it's criminal to fly the flag, then I'm John Dillinger." Municipal Judge Jose Coronado delayed sentencing to give Bach and Contreras time to work out an agreement (the offense could warrant 90 days in jail and a $300 fine). But Bach said there would be no settlement. Bach said he would appeal. "I'm going to fly it every day come hell or high water."

—*from the* San Diego Union, *June 24, 1989*

Now that a Navy veteran has replaced an American flag whose loud flapping bothered a neighbor, his conviction has been thrown out by a local judge.

Judge Joe Galvan of District Court dismissed the case Monday, acting in the case of Lee Bach, who was convicted of violating the city's noise law three weeks ago after a neighbor complained that his nylon flag was too noisy on windy days.

"The flag is not making any noise anymore ever since he put up a cotton flag," Stephen Ryan, an assistant city attorney, told the judge.

"It's unfortunate that something as important and sacred to all of us as the American flag should create turmoil in the community," Judge Galvan said.

—*AP, July 12, 1989*

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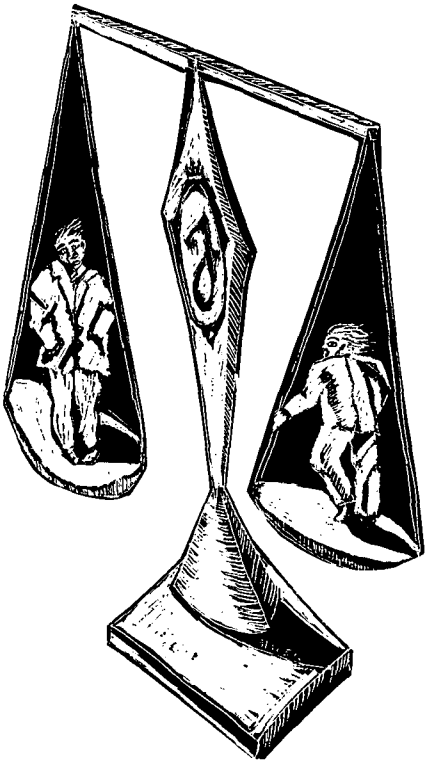
How the Fourteenth Amendment Repealed the Constitution

by Forrest McDonald

"It is easier to make certain things legal than to make them legitimate."
—Chomfort

The Fourteenth Amendment and the Bill of Rights
by Raoul Berger
Norman and London: University of Oklahoma Press; 169 pp., $18.95



The evisceration of the federal system by the Supreme Court during the last few decades—indeed, most of the modern malfeasance of that august body—has been accomplished largely through the instrumentality of the Fourteenth Amendment. This sorry tale, from the adoption of the amendment to recent court decisions, has been chronicled by a number of scholars, the doyen of whom is Raoul Berger. Three of Berger's works are indispensable and indeed one would think definitive: *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment* (1977), *Selected Writings on the Constitution* (1987), and *Federalism: The Founders' Design* (1987). A new challenge to Berger's scholarship has recently appeared, however, forcing him to rise to the occasion once again.

Before dealing with the challenge and with Berger's response, it will be well to review the amendment and its history. The crucial phraseology comes in its first section, which begins by overturning the Dred Scott decision. That is, it grants national and state citizenship to all persons (including blacks, contrary to the Dred Scott ruling) "born or naturalized in the United States." Then the section forbids three kinds of state action: abridging the "privileges or immunities" of citizens, depriving any person of life, liberty, or property without "due process of law," and denying any person with the state's jurisdiction the "equal protection of the laws."

At the time of the amendment's adoption, there was nothing arcane about the three key clauses. The privileges or immunities clause was taken directly from Article IV, Section 2 of the main body of the Constitution, which in turn had been lifted from Article IV of the Articles of Confederation. The clause has rarely been invoked in adjudication, probably because its content was widely understood to comprehend the same "natural" rights—to life, liberty, and property—that are protected by the due process clause. The language of that clause was taken from the Fifth Amendment, which like the other parts of the Bill of Rights applied only to the federal government. (Interestingly, the Fourteenth did not include the Fifth's requirement that "just compensation" be paid when private property is taken for public use.) The meaning of "due process" was common currency; it referred to procedures followed in courts of justice, as they had originated in the common law of England and evolved in the courts of the several states. The equal protection clause was new phraseology, but its meaning was as clear as language can be.

Nor can there be serious doubt as to what the framers and ratifiers of the amendment intended by it. Several Southern states had enacted Black Codes that virtually nullified the Thirteenth Amendment, which had freed the slaves. The purpose of the Fourteenth was to prevent such legislation and to insure that freedmen should have the same legal rights as whites. The amendment emphatically did not cover the right to vote, which was the subject of the Fifteenth Amendment. Obviously it also did not prohibit *de jure* segregation, inasmuch as the same Congress that passed the amendment established a segregated public school system in the District of Columbia, and nearly every legislature that ratified it had done or was soon to do the same.

Despite the clarity and general understanding of the amendment, however, the ink had scarcely dried on the instrument before the Supreme Court began to transform it. On the one hand, it refused to intercede as state after state stripped Negroes of their civil rights. On the other, the Court found in the amendment justification for striking down the efforts of states to regulate business corporations.

During the 1920's the Court found something else in the amendment, though for a time the discovery had only minimal consequences. In the case of *Gitlow v. New York* (1925), a radical socialist had been convicted of criminal anarchy for publishing tracts that violated state law by advocating the overthrow of government. The

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Supreme Court announced, for the first time, that "Freedom of speech and of the press . . . are among the fundamental personal rights and 'liberties' protected by the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment"—and yet, construing the right of free speech narrowly, it allowed the conviction to stand. Twelve years later the Court reiterated the doctrine, declaring that certain "fundamental" rights, central to a regime of "ordered liberty," were protected by the due-process clause, but in that particular case it held that immunity to double jeopardy was not among those rights.

A radical enlargement of the doctrine was proposed in 1947, when Justice Hugo Black claimed in a dissenting opinion that the legislative history of the Fourteenth Amendment proved that its framers intended it to "incorporate" the Bill of Rights, which is to say make the first eight amendments applicable to the states as well as the federal government. The claim was explicitly rejected by the other justices and discredited in studies by various constitutional scholars. But restraint, reason, federalism, and the very idea that legislative intent means anything were soon to breathe their last.

Though few people recognized it as such at the time, their death knell was sounded in the five desegregation cases known collectively as *Brown* v. *School Board*. When the cases were first argued before the Supreme Court in 1952, the justices were sorely divided. Chief Justice Fred Vinson, uncertain in his own mind but leaning toward upholding the "separate but equal" doctrine that had prevailed for nearly sixty years, wanted to hear more fully what the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment had intended, and so counsel on both sides were ordered to do the necessary research and re-argue the case a year later. That was embarrassing to the NAACP's case, for the historical record clearly favored the continuation of segregation. Indeed, as one member of the NAACP team (the historian Alfred Kelly) admitted years later, the team found it expedient to falsify and misrepresent evidence in order to present its case.

As it happened, the historical record did not matter, for Vinson died ("an act of God," Felix Frankfurter gleefully declared), and he was replaced by Earl Warren—who was interested neither in law nor in history, only in results. Thus it was that the decision came to be based not on the record or the language of the amendment or upon other relevant constitutional provisions, but (as Warren was candid to admit) upon the testimony of a social psychologist that accorded with Warren's personal convictions and ideas of social justice.

Having thus crossed the Rubicon—I use the metaphor deliberately, for that was the beginning of an age of judicial Caesarism—the Court proceeded to render a succession of revolutionary decisions. Quite in addition to moving from ruling that race must not be used as a factor in assigning children to schools to ruling in the early 1970's that race must be the principal factor, the Court began a process of "selective incorporation" of the Bill of Rights to justify its decisions in regard to school prayer, criminal rights, legislative reapportionment, pornography, abortion, and a host of other subjects. Each of the decisions eroded traditional communitarian values, and each was rendered at the expense of the constitutional authority of state and local governments to regulate their internal affairs.

Though the direction of its rulings was consistent, however, the Court lacked a consistent rationale for what it was doing until 1970, and the rationale it then advanced had an interesting history of its own. When *Brown* v. *School Board* was being adjudicated, Justice Frankfurter had had his law clerk, Alexander Bickel, carefully study the history of the Fourteenth Amendment, so that he would know independently of the arguments of counsel just what the intent of the framers had been. Bickel did an exhaustive research job and submitted a lengthy memorandum, the conclusion of which was that it was impossible to use the amendment to warrant desegregation. After the Court had done so anyway, Bickel published his memorandum, but with a curious speculative twist. He pointed out that a few of the Radicals in the 1866 Congress had wanted enfranchisement of blacks, integration, social equality, and various other things that were politically unattainable. It might be, Bickel surmised, that they helped engineer the phraseology of the amendment so as to make it "open ended," thus facilitating a more enlightened interpretation in the future. There was no evidence to support this surmise and a great deal of evidence to the contrary. Nevertheless, in 1970 Justice William Brennan worked the idea into a decision. Justice Black, seeing the possibilities that this doctrine raised, declared that the open-ended theory made "the history of the Fourteenth Amendment . . . irrelevant."

What it all comes down to is that the Supreme Court could hold in 1989, despite its putatively conservative majority, that when the First Amendment says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," and the Fourteenth Amendment says that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," the plain import of those words is that it is unconstitutional to open high-school football games in Georgia with a prayer.

It was probably the endorsement of the open-ended theory that inspired Berger—though already an elder statesman among constitutional scholars—to undertake the prodigious research that underlay *Government by Judiciary* and many of the essays republished in his *Selected Writings on*

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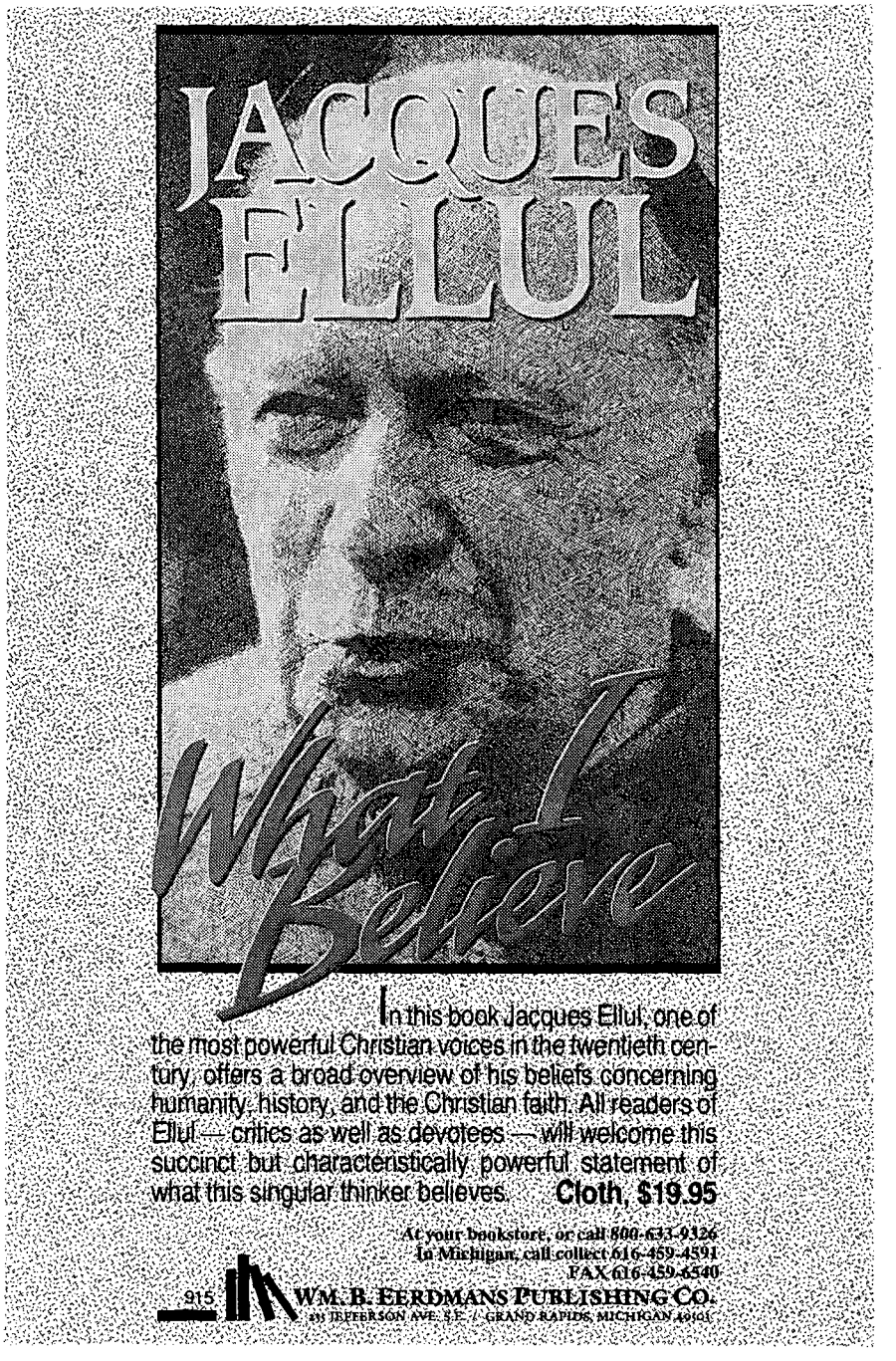
the Constitution. His work was herculean, brilliant, and irrefutable.

Routed in the arena of serious debate, champions of judicial activism fell back upon a tactic that is characteristic of the modern left, namely a resort to obscurantism. Specifically, they developed the audacious and grotesque doctrine of "non-interpretivism," which postulates that the intentions of the framers of either the Constitution or the Fourteenth Amendment are unknowable, that although the language of constitutions remains the same the meaning of the words changes over time, and therefore that judges are licensed to fashion constitutional law without finding justification within "the four corners of the Constitution." The Supreme Court was thereby transformed from a supposed interpreter and defender of the written Constitution into an oracle of its spirit. Non-interpretivism swept the law schools and law reviews; by the early 1980's, as Robert Bork pointed out, only a handful of constitutional law professors at major institutions still defended interpretivism, and Ronald Reagan appointed most of them to the federal bench.

Non-interpretivism was a tenuous position to be holding, however. It was safe only so long as it was confined to bench and bar and academy, which is to say, as long as the American public could be deceived into believing that it was still the Constitution that the Supreme Court was expounding. Friends of constitutional government repeatedly exposed the deception, and they reached a steadily widening audience. The issue surfaced noisily in 1986 with the publicized exchange between Attorney General Edwin Meese and Justice Brennan. It was fear that the Court might return to constitutionalism that underlay the savaging of Judge Bork in 1987 by the civil rights establishment, radical feminists, and civil libertarian ideologues.

Amidst that dramatically escalating confrontation, an ardent activist named Michael Curtis reversed the field by publishing a book purporting to prove that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment had, after all, intended to incorporate the Bill of Rights, and that their intention must be binding. That brings us back to where we began, with Raoul Berger's latest book. Curtis's argument is turgid, garbled, convoluted, and self-contradictory. And yet Berger could not let it go unanswered, lest it be seized as an excuse for continued judicial usurpations. Accordingly, the maestro was moved once more to take up his pen.

There is not much to say about the book itself. It is utterly devastating. In any other context it would be regarded as overkill, roughly comparable to shooting rabbits with a cannon. Specialists may find it repetitive and even a bit tedious, though they cannot but marvel at Berger's mastery of the subject. The less initiated will find it a good quick coverage of the controversy, since it is a fairly small book and is quite readable despite the complexities involved. Most importantly, advocates of judicial activism — whether of the incorporationist variety, the noninterpretivist, or some other — will have to devise an alternative rationale or give up the chase. Berger has defeated them at every turn. ◈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All For Love

by Katherine Dalton

"Alas, that love should be a blight and shame
To those who seek all sympathies in one!—"
—Shelley, "Laon and Cythna"

Mary Shelley: Romance and Reality
by Emily Sunstein
Boston: Little, Brown and Company; 478 pp., $24.95

With the publication of the first volume of an expanded edition of her letters in 1980, and now this biography, Mary Shelley's reputation is being reconsidered. This renewed attention is not due to the perennial interest in her husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley, or to one of those periodic reworkings of her greatest book, *Frankenstein*. It is due to the popularity of women's studies as a full-fledged academic discipline. And so the unarticulated question for Emily Sunstein is, was Mary Shelley a feminist? For Sunstein, the answer is an implicit yes: Mary, she writes in her conclusion, was "indeed her mother's daughter, heir to Wollstonecraft's Romantic feminism and to a fuller measure of punishment for it." But by any standards of feminism, modern or 19th-century, Mary Shelley would flunk—and she was the first to say so.

When people think of Mary Shelley, it is usually as a child; the sixteen-year-old who fled with Shelley to France, the nineteen-year-old who began *Frankenstein* during a stormy summer on Lake Geneva in the company of her lover and Lord Byron. But when Shelley died in 1822, drowned sailing from Leghorn to Pisa, Mary was only 24, and was to live another 29 years. The daughter of the feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and the social philosopher William Godwin, wife to the Romantic poet, she was to understand as no one else in her family the consequences of adhering to their radical principles.

She has been idealized for abandoning "all for love" and pilloried, often by her friends, for the greater caution and "conservatism" of her later years. What emerges from Sunstein's biography is a Mary Shelley recognizable from her journals and letters: willful, loving if not always demonstrably affectionate, a devoted mother who was, despite the difficulties, equally devoted to Shelley and his memory; a private woman whose life was made extremely public.

In many ways Mary Shelley had a tragic life. Her birth killed her mother, and she was raised by Godwin and a stepmother she abhorred. Godwin (whom Mary revered) broke with her—though not permanently—when she ran off with Shelley, even though with that act she was proving herself to be her father's (and mother's) daughter: both were proponents of free love and Mary had asked Godwin for his blessing. Worst of all, Mary lost not only Shelley but three of her four children over the course of their eight-year relationship.

She was also unlucky in her friends. Her stepsister, Jane Clairmont, would be a none-too-grateful dependent of Mary's on and off for years. Jane Williams, commonlaw wife and then widow of the Edward Williams who drowned with Shelley, also was supported by Mary, who doted on her. Jane repaid her by telling everyone who would listen that Mary had been cold and cruel to Shelley in his last year; that she, not Mary, was the love of Shelley's life—and even that Shelley would have married her had he not died at sea.

The men in Mary's life were no better. After the cremation Leigh Hunt quarreled with the new widow over who should have Shelley's heart; despite this and other great unkindnesses to Mary she was to continue to aid the irresponsible Hunt with money and support all her life. Aubrey Beauclerk, with whom Mary was in love later in her life, jilted her twice. Shelley himself betrayed Mary with her stepsister perhaps as early as 1814, certainly by 1822; nor was Jane the only one. After his death Mary, as his editor, had the painful task of reading through poems lamenting his unhappiness with her, and other poems (notably, "Epipsychidion") dedicated to other women.

Finally, there was Godwin. He was bitterly furious with Mary for running off with Shelley, but saw no reason that the loans Shelley was extending him should not continue. The rumors that Godwin had "sold" Mary to Shelley arose directly from this business. Over the years Godwin continued to write letters that were at once insulting and demanding, such as the following, written when Mary was in a depression following the death of her son William:

> I cannot but consider it
> as . . . putting you quite among
> the commonality and mob of

Katherine Dalton is managing editor of Chronicles.

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> your sex, when I had thought I saw in you symptoms entitling you to be ranked among those noble spirits that do honour to our nature. Oh, what a falling off is here! . . . You have the husband of your choice, to whom you seem to be unalterably attached, a man of high intellectual endowments whatever I and some other persons may think of his morality. . . . You have all the goods of fortune, all the means of being useful to others. . . . But . . . all is nothing, because a child of three years old is dead.

Such was her father's love. In return Mary showed him a great deal of patience and devotion, paying his debts, giving him money, taking out loans to aid him. Living off of two hundred pounds a year plus her writing (and trying to educate her young son Percy at Harrow), she still managed to supplement her father's income to insure him of the three hundred per year he needed. Any defense of Mary Shelley's character could, I think, end here.

But was she a feminist? True enough, she flouted conventions and disobeyed her own father to follow the man she loved. When her husband died she never remarried, earning a significant amount for herself and her many dependents by her own writing, and throughout her life she took special care to befriend and help people whose private lives were by normal standards scandalous.

Yet none of these actions are particularly feminist. Sunstein has taken the line that if she became more conventional as she grew older, it was because society forced her into it. Certainly the pressures were great. Sir Timothy Shelley's hatred for her was such that she was at terrific pains not to offend him in order to secure some kind of future for his grandchild. Much of Mary's "conservatism" was the reaction of a mother intent on protecting her son as much as possible from scandal and his grandfather's further anger.

But there is more than this. Mary Shelley has written herself that she came to regret some of her actions (and Shelley's). If she did not live to regret her marriage, she did regret the circumstances, especially the responsibility she felt she and Shelley had for the suicide of Harriet Shelley, the wife Shelley had abandoned when he ran off with Mary.

And while she never turned into an outright conservative, it is clear that after years of difficulties she had had enough of her liberal friends. As she wrote to her friend Edward Trelawny in 1837, angry that he'd accused her of being afraid to publish something of her father's:

> What has my life been what is it Since I lost Shelley—I have been alone—& worse—I had my father's fate for many a year a burthen pressing me to the earth—& I had Percy's education & welfare to guard over—& in all this I had no one friendly hand stretched out to support me. . . . —If I have ever found kindness it has not been from liberals—to disengage myself from them was the first act of my freedom —the consequence was that I gained peace and civil usage . . . You are a Man at a feast . . . you naturally scoff at me & my dry crust in a corner . . . but it is useless to tell a pampered Man this.

The most thorough and public rejection of her parents' theories may be *Frankenstein*—Mary Shelley's one great book. Though the prose is unremarkable and the book's structure very weak, the conception of *Frankenstein* is a brilliant stab at the twin roots of liberalism: scientism and progress. Precisely as a cautionary tale, *Frankenstein* can be read as a critique of William Godwin. What was Godwin's religion if not a belief in the goodness of progress that scientific reasoning will bring us? It was Godwin (quoting Ben Franklin) who wrote in *Political Justice* that "mind will one day become omnipotent over matter," and who suggested that men will learn not only to abolish sleep but perhaps to overcome the "accidents" of disease and death.

Unfortunately, science's new Adam, Frankenstein's victory over death, is a monster that destroys its creator and his family. Whether Mary was aware of it or not, what stronger refutation of Godwin's theories can there be than the vision of the monster grieving over his dead father, then fleeing to his own death across the ice?

Sunstein's *Mary Shelley* is a readable biography, and a largely accurate portrayal. It has, however, some faults. Sunstein clearly takes Shelley's side against his first wife, Harriet, who I think had much excuse; and she has a disconcerting way of glossing over the most inexcusable behavior on the part of Mary's father with a passing phrase. When Godwin published in 1798 his dead wife's private letters to her lover Imlay, he exposed her reputation (and that of her still-living daughter, Fanny) to an outraged public. While quoting an angry Southey in criticism, Sunstein herself excuses Godwin for "the implacable innocence of a philosopher of truth."

Such charity for male irresponsibility is strange in a feminist, but stranger still is Sunstein's apparently genuine belief in Mary Shelley's ability to foretell the future. A more basic problem is Sunstein's method. This being yet another book to fall into that middle ground between scholarly and popular biography, there are footnotes, but never where I want them. Sunstein's dismissal of Fanny Kemble Butler's famous anecdote (that when she advised Mary Shelley to teach her son to think for himself, Mary replied, "Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!") is not completely persuasive. I am pedant enough to wish Sunstein had given fuller explanations as to why she is certain, say, Mary did not have an affair with Thomas Jefferson Hogg. I also miss a proper bibliography; there is only a bibliographical chapter, which is by no means complete.

As far as Sunstein goes with it, her reading of Mary Shelley's character stands up. She simply does not take it far enough. I believe in the Mary she describes at 25, but by 40 Mary's opinions had changed more than Sunstein is willing to consider. Probably because of Sunstein's prejudices, there is no thorough discussion of some of Mary Shelley's later letters and journal entries. It is true enough, as Sunstein argues, that Mary has been unjustly maligned; true enough that she was admirable in many ways; even true enough that she was heir to her

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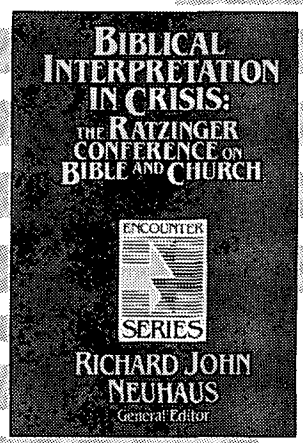

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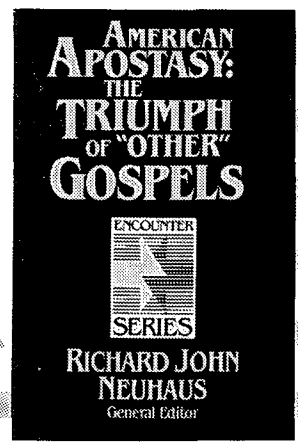

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mother's feminism. That was a legacy she did not regret, but with which she came to disagree—while continuing to revere both her parents and Shelley. In her journal in 1838 Mary made a complete explanation of her position, the most interesting parts of which Sunstein does not quote. I will give some of it here:

> In the first place, with regard to "the good cause"—the cause of the advancement of freedom and knowledge, of the rights of women, &c.—I am not a person of opinions. I have said elsewhere that human beings differ greatly in this. Some have a passion for reforming the world; others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class, makes me respect it. I respect such when joined to real disinterestedness, toleration, and a clear understanding. . . . For myself, I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures, and see all, in the present course, tending to the same, and rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring on an injurious reaction. . . . Besides, I feel the counter-arguments too strongly. I do not feel that I could say aught to support the cause efficiently; besides that, on some topics (especially with regard to my own sex), I am far from making up my mind. . . . If I have never written to vindicate the rights of women, I have ever befriended women when oppressed. At every risk I have befriended and supported victims to the social system; but I make no boast, for in truth it is simple justice I perform.

Carol Gilligan has observed that there is a difference between male and female morality. In discussing Gandhi she makes the point that a male liberal often means someone who professes to love men in the abstract, but who has a tendency to mistreat them in the particular. William Godwin and Shelley are perfect examples of this kind of humanitarian. Mary Shelley, to her credit, is not.

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The Sociological Model of Law

by Richard Neely

Sociological Justice
by Donald Black
New York: Oxford University Press; 179 pp., $19.95

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There is an adage among lawyers and judges that the two commodities a consumer never wants to watch being made are sausages and justice. Donald Black, University Professor of the Social Sciences at the University of Virginia, disagrees. Professor Black is a sociologist, and he explains much of our legal system's indeterminacy by examining voluminous empirical data. The way the legal system works in practice, he argues, has little to do with formal legal rules. I find *Sociological Justice* brilliant; it explains and predicts the real-life behavior of judges and juries.

The closer a person gets to the inside of courts, the more terrifying they become. We all stand in jeopardy of being indicted by politically ambitious prosecutors or losing our life's savings to some no-account civil plaintiff. Texaco, for example, lost over six billion dollars to Penzoil in a case that ninety-nine out of a hundred lawyers would have thought frivolous. Because of the way Texas state judges get their jobs, Penzoil's lawyers had the system wired. Professor Black, however, would have taken Penzoil's case seriously.

Unfortunately, we can't give our system more determinacy. As Morris Cohen wrote in the *Harvard Law Review* early in this century: "We urge our horse down hill and yet put the brake on the wheel—clearly a contradictory process to a logic too proud to learn from experience. But a genuinely scientific logic would see in this humble illustration a symbol of that measured straining in opposite directions which is the essence of that homely wisdom which makes life livable." Aberrations like the Texaco case are the cost of a system rife with "homely wisdom," but that is little consolation to the system's screwees.

Professor Black sets out general rules of court behavior, based not on theory but on hard empirical data. When Professor Black's sociological model is superimposed on the standard jurisprudential model, the system's outcomes become more predictable. And that is a towering achievement; after all, law is basically about predicting what courts will do.

Professor Black defines the "quantity of law" as the amount of governmental authority—police, prosecutors, and courts—brought to bear on a person or a group. He then argues that the quantity of law varies directly with social status. Thus, those accused of offending someone above them in social status are likely to be handled more severely than those accused of offending someone below them. In support, he points out that all known legal systems are lenient when persons of low social status victimize their peers. In our system, whites who kill blacks have the lowest likelihood of capital punishment, while blacks who kill whites have the highest. Thus, Professor Black's axiom: "Downward law is greater than upward law."

However, Professor Black's analysis goes far beyond emotional issues like capital punishment. He makes the broader point that the outcome of law is determined by the relational distance between the parties. The closer people's relationships are, the less law enters into their affairs. A grievance between people such as relatives or old friends is likely to result in less law than the same grievance between casual acquaintances or strangers. Thus, "law varies directly with relational distance."

The social structure of a case is defined not only by who has a complaint against whom, but also by who supports whom and by who intervenes as a third party. Supporters such as lawyers, witnesses, and interested bystanders openly take sides, and their characteristics have the same pattern of impact as those of the adversaries. The higher the lawyer's status, for example, the more benefit the client enjoys. Lawyers, then, can raise the stature of lower-status adversaries, and in that way improve their clients' chances of success.

With regard to judges, Professor Black points out that "authoritativeness is a direct function of the [judge's] relative status." Thus, the greater the social elevation above the adversaries, the more authoritatively the judge is likely to behave. This observation is of crucial importance to a practicing lawyer because it means that the higher the status of the judge *vis-à-vis* the litigants, the more likely an authoritative, all-or-nothing decision becomes. Lower status judges—particularly blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities—and socially mixed juries are more likely than high status judges to seek compromises. Federal judges, being of higher social status than state judges, are more authoritative than state judges, and appellate judges are more authoritative than trial judges.

Furthermore, the authoritativeness of the judge is a direct function of the relational distance between the judge and the adversaries. The farther away the judge is from the adversaries, the more authoritative the decision is likely to be. A judge who is a complete stranger to all parties is more likely to be legalistic and decisive than a judge in a small town who knows the parties.

Professor Black argues that there is a "sociological" model of law that we should study along with the jurisprudential model. I heartily agree. For example, product liability law is only explainable in terms of a sociological model. The court-made rules that govern product liability cases emerge from the profile of the litigants, not from scientific or legalistic considerations. In a product case we typically have an *in-state* plaintiff, *in-state* judge, *in-state* jury, *in-state* witnesses, *in-state* spectators, and an *out-of-state* defendant. It takes little imagination to figure out who the screwee of that process will be.

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Although Professor Black does not make this point, the sociological model of law is *always* the norm, while the jurisprudential model is the exception. In Western societies, law was nothing but a seamless fabric of myth, religion, custom, and power until the 11th century. The great revolution in law began then when academic lawyers worked to establish a system in which legal outcomes would not be based entirely on status, custom, and private power. That we have not succeeded entirely in making law no respecter of persons does not mean that we have not succeeded at all. For example, West Virginia does *not* have capital punishment exactly because we recognize that it is impossible to apply capital punishment fairly.

But at the end of the day my philosophical and historical quibbles with Professor Black are minor. In one hundred pages, *Sociological Justice* tells a practicing lawyer more about how to win multimillion-dollar lawsuits or save a criminal client than any other single volume of its size I have ever read.

Richard Neely is a justice of the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, a graduate of the Yale Law School, and author of The Product Liability Mess: How Business Can Be Rescued From State Court Politics.

Economic Man

by Jeffrey A. Tucker

Time and Public Policy
by T. Alexander Smith
Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press; 288 pp., $29.95

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Economists, with justice, are accused of holding a narrow, one-dimensional, and somewhat pedestrian world view. Noneconomic factors can determine how well a society is organized, say the critics. An efficient price system won't solve all of society's problems; there are also cultural and moral problems that can undermine society, and these have no economic fix.

According to Professor T. Alexander Smith, that criticism better applies to the way economics is done in modern times than to the actual or alleged limits of economics itself. But given the inherent trappings of the profession, it sometimes takes an outsider to explore the farther reaches where economics and culture intersect. Smith is a political scientist who has done just that in his path-breaking new book, *Time and Public Policy*. He takes an insight from "Austrian" economics — that all action implies a "time preference" — and spells out its far-reaching implications for culture and public policy. He recognizes that many social and cultural problems have no economic fix, but he shows how intervention with the free market can severely undermine healthy social and cultural norms. His conclusions bolster the case for a free society and responsible individualism.

Economists usually ignore the role of time as a factor in human choice. In the most commonly-used model in economics — "general equilibrium" — action occurs within a timeless world. And the models that *do* factor in time tend to homogenize it by assuming everyone acts on the same time horizon. In the real world, of course, this is not the case.

Whatever differences exist in individual time-horizons, this we know: all individuals, by the very fact that they act within the passage of time, choose to satisfy desires in the more immediate as opposed to the more distant future, other things being equal. That is to say, a bird in the hand is always better than one in the bush. Since the Fall, man acts within a world of scarcity; we can't have everything at once, so we must rank our goals in the order in which we want to obtain them. This is what creates what is called "time preference," the general desire to meet ends sooner rather than later.

Everyone has time preferences, but the rates can vary. Some people and cultures have habits that delay gratification by putting off current consumption for greater future rewards. They have a long-run orientation: a low time preference. These groups tend to save more and be more prosperous; saving, after all, is the precursor to capital investment and economic growth.

Other individuals and cultures practice and promote more immediate gratification, consuming now rather than later. They are more oriented toward the short term: they have a high time preference. These groups, which consume more and do not delay gratification, are relatively less prosperous since their habits work against saving, capital investment, and economic growth.

The social rate of time preference (the aggregation of individual rates) is primarily a function of such things as culture, habit, self-control, and regard for posterity; and these derive from religious beliefs or social values held generally. They can be influenced by medical technology and life span; if everyone died at age 30, the social rate of time preference would likely be greatly heightened. They can also be influenced by government policy.

The free market, as Smith shows, necessarily rewards a long-run orientation over short-run orientation. The interest rate is the most obvious example. The person who has no money yet wants a car as soon as possible (i.e., has a high time preference) must pay interest on a loan. The person who puts off buying a car until he has the money (i.e., has a low time preference) pays no interest. The more people put off buying in the present, the lower the interest rate, because it reflects the social rate of time preference.

So it is with the regard for capital resources, which under a free market pay a return equal to the social rate of time preference. The businessman who invests in a new company has to pay out wages and rents long before he realizes a profit; this requires a low time preference because he delays present consumption for a future higher return. The lower the time preference, the longer the processes of production, and the higher the eventual reward for waiting. Thus the free market has an inherent mechanism that rewards low time preference and fosters long-run thinking.

All of these virtues tend to be rewarded by the market, creating what Smith calls Economic Man: he is forward-looking, conserves resources, and in doing so promotes the good of society.

In contrast, Political Man operates outside the market and faces an exactly opposite set of forces on his time preference. In the political sphere, there is no return on capital, no penalty for quick consumption and waste, and no incentive to delay gratification.

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Political Man is rewarded for high time preference. Examples range from the government bureaucrat to the common thief.

Smith's greatest achievement is to show how government intervention in the economy lowers the social rate of time preference and thus leads to both increased poverty and cultural breakdown. The more Political Man grows in social significance relative to Economic Man (as happens with government interventions), the higher the social rate of time preference.

Smith's formulation of Political and Economic Man are the precise opposite of the way the two are described in academia — where Economic Man is greedy and short-run oriented, and Political Man is long-run oriented and promotes the good of the public.

Inflation is the most obvious government intrusion that lowers the social rate of time preference. One can apply the same analysis to the welfare state, redistributive taxation, and even rent control. All interfere with the ability to think and plan long term; they inculcate values that reward immediate gratification at others' expense.

What Smith wants is the depoliticization of society, with fewer and fewer social decisions taking place through political means. He wants, in short, the Rule of Law, "a mode of moral association" in which "noninstrumental" laws are "known in advance." There's no room here for social planners. The system is most conducive to low rates of time preferences and therefore to what we associate with civilized prosperity.

Smith has embarked on a radically new research program, one that leads us to discover that economics and culture have more links than economists like to admit. If his thought isn't fully formed, and if the argument still needs formalization, with the application of time preference to public policy, Smith has nonetheless tilled fertile ground.

Mr. Tucker is a fellow of the Ludwig von Mises Institute.

LIBERAL ARTS

SOOT AND INK: FEMINIST PREROGATIVES?

There are numbers of excellent people who do not think votes unfeminine; and there may be enthusiasts for our beautiful modern industry who do not think factories unfeminine. But if these things are unfeminine it is no answer to say that they fit into each other. I am not satisfied with the statement that my daughter must have unwomanly powers because she has unwomanly wrongs. Industrial soot and political printer's ink are two blacks which do not make a white. Most of the Feminists would probably agree with me that womanhood is under shameful tyranny in the shops and mills. But I want to destroy the tyranny. They want to destroy womanhood. That is the only difference.

—*from* What's Wrong with the World
by G.K. Chesterton

What Makes a Nation?

by Thomas Molnar

The Identity of France, Vol. I
by Fernand Braudel
New York: Harper & Row;
432 pp., $25.00

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When Fernand Braudel died in 1985, *The Times* of London called him "the greatest of Europe's historians." In spite of Braudel's great merits, many would question this accolade. Indeed, he may be assigned a place among those contemporary historians who justify, by their *oeuvre*, the sociological school, and who therefore have "betrayed" the historian's true vocation. If, in many of our universities, history has become a subclass of the social sciences, men like Braudel are to some extent responsible.

Not that the writing of history must forever remain on the tracks built by Herodotus and Thucydides; history, like other disciplines, does change course according to cultural fashion. Leopold von Ranke and his school insisted on "factual statements," and revisionists in this half-century took up hermeneutics in order to analyze the "real" motives of groups and classes. Then there is, of course, Marxist historiography with its apodictic class-bias.

The *Annales* school of which Braudel was for a long time the uncrowned head has respectable ancestors — Lucien Febre, for example, and Marc Bloch before the Second World War. But these men were still convinced that history should not break its association with literature — in other words, that history *is* a story, only a true one. Its style used to be literary. The second recipient of the Nobel Prize for *literature* (1902) was Theodor Mommsen, imperial Germany's most acclaimed historian of Rome.

Braudel was by no means a litterateur; his virtues as a historian were elsewhere, something he demonstrates in the present volume (first of a projected series of four, of which he only managed to finish the second). He begins the volume with the endearing statement: "Let me start by saying once and for all that I love France with the same demanding and complicated

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passion as did Michelet." For an eighty-year-old scholar to say this is to show a historian's virtue: the love of his subject. In this case the love transcends scholarship, since it is addressed to a nation—a fine lesson for the objective chroniclers, whose objectivity begins with statistics and usually ends in ideological allegiance. In the next few years European historians will be singing the praises of the new and ephemeral utopia, the Common Market. But Braudel's declaration of love excludes such a shift of loyalties; Michelet rhapsodized over the French Revolution not out of Jacobin sympathies but from his commitment to the little people of France.

When Braudel puts the word "identity" in his title, he sends a message that in spite of the vast ensembles usually treated by the *Annales* school, the building blocks of history remain smaller units: nations. As both Bergson and Maurras agreed, humanity is a pleasant but empty notion. The nation, Bergson wrote, is the natural unit (or tribe, clan, family, etc.) to which ordinary people may become attached. The frontiers of mankind are not within their horizon.

Such vast ensembles were, nevertheless, Braudel's fields of investigation; for example, the Mediterranean world from archaic man to Philip II of Spain, capitalism (which he brilliantly divided into the many small "capitalisms" of the pre-Renaissance), and the accumulation of capital in later centuries.

The Identity of France establishes as its main thesis that that country was built on a contradiction. It was for thousands of years the end-station of various peoples and tribes who came from the East and could not push beyond their quest for land and security. Iberia, with the Pyrénées, and the British Isles protected by the English Channel, had natural obstacles (except for Visigoths, Vandals, and Normans) against large-scale invasions. There remained France, ideally situated to receive ever new waves. Yet—and here is the paradox—France has become the most tightly-knit nation of Europe.

Another historian, Robert Latouche, argued in 1956 that in spite of the loss of a link with the Roman empire and in spite of Arab and other invasions, the French peasant remained the backbone of the economy; not even the large feudal domains could change this basic structure of ownership and production. This continuity soon found its institutional expression with the monarchy; the impression is so strong even in France's present decadent situation that the foundations hold. The state is still a solid superstructure, keeping the country "tightly knit."

Braudel himself tries to combine two kinds of scholarship. On the one hand, he meticulously scrutinizes such details as the frequency of telephone calls between Dijon and Besançon, attributing importance to the fact that there are more calls in one direction than the other. On the other hand, he describes how in France's history the Roman and the Germanic coalesced, while the Loire River has maintained to this day two different languages spoken north and south of it, both nonetheless being genuine French. Another of his illustrations of opposites combined or fused is the original family structure that the institution of the monarchy imitated in the elaboration of national unity. Marc Bloch, one of Braudel's mentors, devoted a bulky volume to the belief that the kings of France were able to administer miraculous cures, and even during 1789 the takers of the Bastille shouted slogans in favor of the "King, our father!" In other words, always the patchwork, but also always the pulling together of individual or regional threads.

Notwithstanding Braudel's significant title, his sociological method certainly has its limits. My own introduction as a youngster to history was through classes upon classes of chronologically organized events, with a fair share devoted to vast movements, great individuals, culturally productive groups. I still believe that this is the best pedagogical method to develop in the young: a sense of time and proportion as things grow, reach their zenith, and weaken, until routine ossifies them. Braudel's approach is, at least, a questionable method of teaching history. I even suggest that it is confusing—unless the reader has benefited from a chronological history that clearly indicates the outlines beforehand. France's latest historians—and these post-Braudelians form a brilliant cluster—recommend a return to more traditional ways, because they have found that youth taught *à la* Braudel has learned nothing and, in addition, has lost precisely the sense of identification with the nation. The curriculum is now undergoing a reevaluation. Curiously, it is more strongly opposed by the so-called conservative right than by the socialist left. While the former puts its hopes in the continent-wide supermarket, the latter, by celebrating 1789, *volens-nolens* rehabilitates history.

At any rate, Fernand Braudel's book may be an eye-opener, in two directions. First, that history as a discipline is not at all dead; in fact, it has been alive and well since the first historian, Herodotus. And second, that history is a passionate enterprise through which one may learn to love one's own nation, one's land, one's institutions. A few years ago one academic slogan was that the West is a cancerous growth on mankind's annals (*vide* Stanford); reading Fernand Braudel is a cure for such reverse fanaticism.

Thomas Molnar is the author of Twin Powers: Politics and the Sacred (Eerdmans).

Kings of the Wild Frontier

by Carl C. Curtis

The Way to the Western Sea: Lewis and Clark Across the Continent
by David Lavender
New York: Harper and Row; 444 pp., $22.95

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Until 20 years ago, one could count on Hollywood to produce at least one film every few years dealing with early American history. John Ford gave us *Drums Along the Mohawk* in the 1940's, and Disney gave us the *Swamp Fox* in the 1960's. Such movies may have given the public only "popular" history (before the 20th century was there any other kind?), but they still carried the benefit of giving people (young people especially) a desire to learn more about what they saw on the screen.

These thoughts crossed my mind as

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I read David Lavender's book on Lewis and Clark. I hope I don't trivialize the two men by saying they would have been ideal subjects for a good four- or five-part Disney serial. They were cast in the heroic mold and, therefore, were perfect for that kind of presentation. Lavender is, in the words of one critic, the "ultimate authority" on Lewis and Clark. His book will tell most readers all they could wish to know and then some about the explorers Thomas Jefferson sent to survey the Louisiana Purchase. Like their journey, reading it can be both tiring and fascinating. At 444 pages, it's a pretty long haul. But it's worth it.

How does one begin to do justice to the story *The Way to the Western Sea* presents? The journey proper began in St. Louis in 1803. It lasted three years and covered approximately four thousand miles. They journeyed by water, by land, on horseback, and on foot through areas well-traveled today—Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon—but then known only by the report of a handful of British and American traders. There were rivers to explore (among them the Missouri, Columbia, and Snake), mountains to cross, new animals and plants to catalogue, Indian tribes with customs to observe and dialects to study. In addition, there was a region to map for the purpose of determining what part really belonged to America (as well as what part might some day be ours). More important, there were treaties to make for future trade with the Indian tribes. The idea was to reconcile them not only with the Americans but, much more difficult, with each other, without antagonizing any of the parties concerned.

Such was the expedition. What about the two men themselves? They were, as Lavender points out, both alike and different. Both were over six feet tall, loyal to each other and to their country, disciplined, and resourceful. Each had to go through a crash course in studies (medicine, surveying, botany) that must have been foreign and irksome. Both submitted without complaint.

As for their differences, Lewis was melancholy and given to great swings of mood. Clark was comparatively even-tempered. He was more the frontiersman than Lewis (though Lewis was hardly a neophyte). Whatever the similarities and dissimilarities, they made a strong team in the wilderness. I cannot recall one time in Lavender's book that he reports a quarrel between them.

Together they led a band of just over 30 people (including the Shoshone squaw Sacagewea and her baby) across half the continent. Nature, in the form of the Rockies and the Great Falls of Missouri, to mention two notable obstacles, did not always cooperate. Neither did the Indians.

Jefferson had instructed Lewis and Clark to maintain peaceful relations with the Indians, and for the most part they did. Sometimes it was not easy. The Arikara despised the Mandans and the Hidatsas, who in turn distrusted them. The Nez Percé feared the Blackfeet. They all had misgivings about the Sioux. As for the Shoshone, the one trade item they really wanted from the Americans was guns, ostensibly to kill buffalo, but (one suspects) also to kill the Sioux. In addition to these intertribal conflicts was the antagonism, mostly from the Sioux, toward the Americans. This, however, had nothing much to do with the newcomers' white skins. In fact, the Sioux already had excellent trading relations with the British. The Sioux simply feared that the intrusion by the Americans might jeopardize these trade relations; consequently they showed themselves perfectly willing to resort to double-dealing and outright treachery to protect their interests.

But whatever difficulties they had with the Indians, Lewis and Clark kept to the letter of Jefferson's orders and, with the exception of a skirmish with some Blackfeet who tried to steal their horses, avoided battle. They had enough on their hands battling the new and demanding land. That challenge required brains, ruggedness, and a steady heroism. Smaller men with baser motives would not have measured up. We can be thankful that Lewis and Clark got there first. We can be equally thankful that David Lavender has written such a memorable account of their exploits. Now if Disney is just listening.

Carl C. Curtis lives in east Texas.

The American Covenant

by E. Calvin Beisner

Faith and Freedom: The Christian Roots of American Liberty
by Benjamin Hart
Dallas: Lewis and Stanley;
384 pp., $18.95

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"It is extremely frustrating to write history today because so much effort must go toward correcting the countless distortions that have been inserted into accounts of our heritage by

LIBERAL ARTS

HAVE FARKSOO WILL TRAVEL

[Farksoo is a] language invented when she was a child by the U.S. writer Barbara Newhall Follet (1914-39) to be spoken on her imaginary planet Farksolia. A sample utterance from the *nairheen Farksoo* (farksoo grammar): *Na oparil* "the greatest dream of my life would be to go there." Follet married in the mid-1930s and worked as a secretary and stenographer. On Dec. 7, 1939, she walked out of her apartment in Brookline, Maine, taking with her thirty dollars and her stenographic notebook, and was never seen again. (manuscript in Columbia Univ. Manuscript Library)

—from the entry on "Farksoo" in
A Feminist Dictionary *by*
Cheris Kramarae and Paula A. Treichler

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militant secularists who twist facts to suit their narrow anti-religious political agendas."

So writes Benjamin Hart near the end of *Faith and Freedom: The Christian Roots of American Liberty*. Anyone who is aware of recent trials on religious liberty or church-state separation issues must commiserate. Secularists have buried our real heritage and fabricated an idol in its place. Despite the difficulty and frustration, however, Hart has done an admirable job of exposing the true roots of American liberty, roots that drink deep not of the heady spirit of the French Enlightenment but of the Spirit in the Old and New Testaments; roots that grow despite religious persecution through the ages, and that culminate in the vision of the Protestant (especially Puritan) dissenters who fashioned a new order.

Hart's chief thesis is that liberty stands only on the foundation of a common faith in the God and morality of the Bible, and that it withers to the extent that secular pluralism supplants that faith. The outline of his argument appears in the first chapter: Christian morality is essential to social order; a consensus about higher law is essential to a government by law rather than by men; the higher law is God's law revealed in Scripture and nature and passed on to Americans in English common law; secular/agnostic pluralism, because it refuses to embrace this higher law, strikes at the root of both social order and individual liberty, leaving nothing but the state to define right and wrong; hence secular pluralism, which dominates American political life today, leads inexorably to tyranny. Therefore, "What is needed today is less of a revolution than a reformation in American thinking" in which the Christian roots of our order and liberty are reaffirmed.

By reference to the covenants and civil codes of the colonies, Hart proves compellingly that the founders of our country intended "to live under laws spelled out clearly in the Bible," not under laws founded only on the whim of human sentiment. He urges us to place the Declaration alongside Deuteronomy (particularly chapter 8), saying, "The parallels and the obvious connection between the two documents are startling." But they should not be surprising to anyone intimately familiar with the heavy use of Deuteronomy by the Puritans in constructing their understanding of the commonwealth, an understanding that largely determined the shape of American political philosophy and hence of both the Declaration and the Constitution.

Many readers will be shocked—some pleasantly, others unpleasantly, perhaps—to see the extent to which explicitly theological notions shaped our founders' vision of the civil order. Yet there is no denying the constant appeal to Scripture, to God and His laws, to the gospel, to Christ as King and His Church as Kingdom that form the warp and woof of their political writing, including their colonial and state charters and constitutions. And the propensity among modern historians to discount the sincerity of these beliefs, chalking the language up instead to some sort of "cultural Christianity," simply cannot stand the test of historical investigation: over and over the most important figures, from Bradford and Cotton and Witherspoon and the Mathers to Washington, write passionately of their fidelity to Christ and the gospel, to the Bible and the Bible's God, and to seeing those objects of their faith exalted through their lives, both public and private.

There are some disturbing weaknesses in the book, comprised mainly of inconsistencies and errors of fact. Most errors of fact are minor (if obvious). He tells us, for instance, of an "astounding [Supreme Court] decision in 1962 banning all religious expression from the public schools." However later decisions might have extended the ruling in *Engel* v. *Vitale*, the Court did not go so far in that case. "America's federalist political order was patterned after the loose confederation of self-governing local churches of the first century" and "[t]he Christianity of Scripture is decidedly anti-institutional," he writes. Yet the Old Testament is replete with instructions regarding societal structures, especially of family and church and state, the three chief seats of government; the New Testament has more than a little to say about the structure of church government; and we know of at least one ecumenical council in the New Testament (Acts 15) whose function was more like that of modern presbyteries than of congregationalist churches. (It seems to me that Hart consequently exaggerates the effect of congregationalist ecclesiology on American political philosophy and underestimates the effect of presbyterianism.)

"Calvin himself was a socialist," Hart writes bluntly, without definition or proof. Where we do find a definition of "socialist," it is someone who denies property rights. Yet Calvin expressly wrote that civil government properly "provides that each man may keep his property safe and sound."

More important are three other weaknesses. Through most of the book, Hart lauds separation of church and state but fails to define it. He finally makes things clear late in the book, where he discusses competing ideas of separation of church and state more fully and explains that what the founders meant was that no denomination could be made the official religion of the federal union. He is right, but he could have prevented a good deal of confusion by explaining this earlier.

Showing a more libertarian than Christian or conservative view, Hart concludes that civil government is "a necessary evil." The Puritans, however, basing their view on Romans 13, saw it as a God-ordained good that was easily corrupted by corrupt men. Too easily does Hart accept the notion (expressed by Madison) that if men were angels they would need no form of government, for government is needed not only by the fallen but also by the finite, and there are degrees of authority even among the angels, according to St. Paul (Ephesians 1:21; Colossians 1:16).

Finally, Hart asserts, "It is on private property that all other freedoms rest. For if the government can seize one's home, money, or possessions, the individual has no means of resisting the whims of kings, ministers, courtiers, or other agents of the state." But it has long been the testimony of Christians that when they have stood firm in the faith despite the confiscation of their property and even of their physical lives, they have found themselves free to preach and live without fear of persecution precisely because they held their faith and the freedom it gave them more dear than property or life. "Let goods and kindred go," wrote Luther in A *Mighty Fortress Is Our*

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God, "this mortal life also; the body they may kill, God's truth abideth still!" That attitude made the blood of Christians seed, in Tertullian's memorable metaphor. "Do not fear those who kill the body, but are unable to kill the soul," Christ said; "but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matthew 10:28). Christian liberty is more fundamental than either (physical) life or property, and for the fearless Christian — that is, the one who fears God so much he has no fear left for man — it is something that cannot be taken away by any means. We need not transform property into the fundamental right in order to defend its legitimacy as a right.

E. Calvin Beisner is the author of Prosperity and Poverty: The Compassionate Use of Resources in a World of Scarcity *(Crossway, 1988).*

The Ten Deadly Sins

by Arthur M. Eckstein

Sins for Father Knox
by Josef Škvorecký
New York: W.W. Norton & Co.;
268 pp., $17.95

◆

This book, originally published in Czech in 1973, is based on an amusing literary conceit. Ronald Arbuthnott Knox, an English Catholic priest and important early 20th-century theologian, was also a distinctive figure in the development of the genre of detective fiction. A pretty fair writer of detective stories himself, he also (for instance) wrote a humorous essay in which he portrayed Sherlock Holmes as an actual historical figure — thereby setting off an entire movement of hilarious pseudoscience that continues to this very day. Further, in 1929 Father Knox issued his "Ten Commandments" for what is and is not permissible in a detective story. It is these commandments that form the core of Josef Škvorecký's book.

The commandments include such rules as: "No more than one secret room or passage is allowable in any one story" (III); "Nothing is allowable that requires a long scientific explanation at the end" (IV); "No Chinaman must figure in the story" (V: this was Knox's annoyed reaction to one of the most hackneyed ploys in cheap detective stories of the 20's); "The detective must not light on any clues which are not instantly produced for the reader" (VIII); "Twin brothers, and doubles generally, must not appear unless we have been duly prepared for them" (X). Knox's intent was to improve the writing of detective fiction. Škvorecký's intent, in a series of ten stories, is to violate each and every one of Knox's commandments, as a form of homage.

All ten stories center around the adventures of Eve Adam, a Czech nightclub singer and amateur sleuth. The stories follow her path from Prague, through Western Europe, to the United States, and then back to Prague again: all part of her service for the Czech State Concert Agency.

The heart of the book is not, however, the chief character herself but the sequence of puzzles that Škvorecký presents to us. These are pretty enjoyable: a murder in the Prague film industry, another one along an Italian highway, hanky-panky in a Swedish hotel, a kidnapping in the Department of Mathematics at Berkeley. And in each story, Škvorecký inserts the delightfully infuriating device of a notice at a certain point informing the reader that he now has all the information necessary to solve the crime — and also to detect what sin against Father Knox's commandments Eve has perpetrated. I solved only one of the ten crimes; and determining which commandment had been broken, while occasionally fairly easy, is at other times devilishly difficult, since Škvorecký is (of course) a subtle writer. Luckily, he includes at the back of the book the solutions both to the mysteries themselves and to the writing sins committed in each story.

Occasionally it seems clear why Father Knox devised a commandment. Thus the story set in the mathematics department at Berkeley dissolves into an (intentionally) stupefying sequence of scientific graphs, each with an interminable explanation from one of the characters. Another story, set on board an ocean liner, contains not only a Chinese murderer but a Japanese victim, and gets them both into the plot via a series of unbelievable historical coincidences. At other times, however, Škvorecký proves his mettle by having Eve arrive at a solution to a mystery in a way which is completely satisfying to the reader even though a sin is committed against Father Knox.

Translated from Czech in lively fashion by K.P. Henley, *Sins for Father Knox* is certainly good bedtime reading for a couple of nights. But having said this, I must also say that I expected more than mildly diverting entertainment from a writer of the stature of Josef Škvorecký. This book hardly measures up to the stories collected in *The Bass Saxophone,* let alone to the great novel *The Engineer of Human Souls.* Of course, one of the benefits of having settled in the West is that Škvorecký no longer has to devote his attention continually to important issues of political and emotional life; and one can hardly blame him for wanting to take a break from his usual themes. Serious literature is possible in the detective genre, but for that one should turn to the dark novels of James Ellroy.

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The Two Enlightenments

by Paul Gottfried

The Ancients and the Moderns: Rethinking Modernity
by Stanley Rosen
New Haven: Yale University Press;
272 pp., $22.50

◆

Stanley Rosen may be every anti-Straussian's favorite Straussian. Never mind that he denies his own paternity and affirms to his friends and critics: "I am not a Straussian." Like the postmodern anti-Platonists he describes in his collection of essays, Rosen draws heavily on the school of thought he claims to transcend. One problem among the Straussians, which I believe can be traced to Leo Strauss as the unwitting source, is that they associate antiquity too closely with present day American society. Some do it naively; others with an eye toward conferring an

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ancient pedigree on their own political agendas; but all Straussians indulge in the same *vitium principale*. They seek to project their own preferred values—which are secular and rationalist—onto long-dead thinkers. And they try to make this enterprise plausible by limiting *their* ancients to a handful of Greeks and by treating those Greeks as clever skeptics.

Thus Strauss and his disciples challenge the notion that Plato believed either in divinity or in *eidē akinēta kai aidie* (immovable, eternal ideas). Putting aside his references to the divine, they insist that as a philosopher Plato was also a religious skeptic, but like themselves obliged to feign fidelity to public orthodoxy. When all else fails, Straussians will also claim that their favorite authors wrote esoterically. Though at bottom rationalists like themselves, it is argued, these authors were forced to hide their innermost thoughts and doubts in order to avoid indiscretion or ruin.

There is one side of the Straussian doctrine that is provable beyond doubt: the stress on the gullibility of pious patriots, many of whom do believe the "noble lies" that Straussians tell about themselves and the ancients. Straussians have convinced others—others being simpleminded conservatives rather than trained scholars—that what they do is both morally uplifting and intellectually rigorous. In point of fact it is neither. At their worst they engage in cynical con games, and at their best they are often automata, repeating fictions (such as Aristotle's alleged support in the *Politics*, Book One, of sexual and racial equality) that they themselves have begun to believe.

Rosen is different from most students of the late Leo Strauss because of his relentless, uncompromised honesty. His books on Plato's *Sophist* and *Symposium* show the marks of Strauss's reading of the same thinker. Rosen is also scornful of attempts by, among others, Eric Voegelin to present Plato as a mystic *paidagogos eis Christon*. His Plato is Strauss's Plato: a political philosopher and epistemologist who, like his teacher Socrates, kept a critical distance from the conventional pieties of the city. One is free to disagree with the sweeping judgment that is both explicit and implicit in this reading. But Rosen does approach Plato's dialogues through exhaustive, tightly reasoned *explications de texte*.

Rosen's honesty comes through in his newest anthology no less than in his earlier books. Unlike other Straussians, he does not attribute to Plato and Aristotle the 18th-century rationalism that he embraces for himself (albeit with some reservations). He also mocks the attempt to find a fit between Plato's and Aristotle's politics and modern liberal values. He knows that the two are basically irreconcilable—particularly Plato's concern over virtue and a "radically defective human nature," which requires "the steady transformation of the city into an armed camp." It is moderation as compromise, not Platonic *sophrosunē* as discipline, that Rosen holds as the chief strength of the liberal epoch. (By liberal he is referring to something closer to 19th-century Europe than to the Democratic Party of Michael Dukakis.) Rosen praises the willingness of the liberal West to shun paradigms of political perfection. He defends the ideal of "moderate Enlightenment" against the utopian rationalism that he associates with the French Revolution and with modern revolutionary movements. One is based on the possibility of philosophical discourse in a society that makes compromises with Virtue and Justice. The other form of Enlightenment, by contrast, demands that the world be reconstructed for the sake of a particular scheme of human perfection.

Rosen's two Enlightenments bear remarkable resemblance to other attempts at distinguishing two streams of reform descending from the 18th century. One is said to have produced liberal institutions, and the other revolutionary violence. This taxonomic division pervades Jacob Talman's comments on liberal and totalitarian democracy. It also results in distinctions being made between the English-Scottish and French Enlightenments, one leading to capitalism and constitutional republicanism, and the other to the French Reign of Terror. Alas, such distinctions are too often contrived. Thus David Hume, an avowed Tory and a father of historical conservatism, is seen as a precursor of liberal reform because of his skeptical, analytic philosophy. The same honor is sometimes extended to the French aristocrat Montesquieu, an Anglophile who attracted admirers in early America. Enlightenment has also been attributed to Edward Gibbon, a rationalist skeptic and devotee of pagan antiquity, but politically a high Tory. Distinctions of this kind are often tortured attempts to turn classicism or Whiggery into a benign variant of the French revolutionary ideology.

It may be argued that Rosen is not defending the Enlightenment after all, and that this may be one more distinction between himself and conventional Straussians. He is a European liberal who admires Hegel, the philosopher whose ideas run through many of Rosen's own writings. He turns to Hegel's view of consciousness as self-knowledge in defining Platonic Eros; and he pays tribute to the same thinker in his political statements. Rosen's "moderate Enlightenment paradigm" is Hegel's Protestant, Germanic civilization—the final phase in the

LIBERAL ARTS

ON COMPARABLE WORTH

The genesis of [the women's] movement seemed to confine it completely to the course of subjective culture. Insofar as women proposed to move into the forms of life and achievements of men, for them the question concerned their personal participation in cultural goods that already existed and to which they had merely been denied access, regardless of whether these goods might provide them with a new source of happiness, new obligations, or a new form of personality.

—*from* On Women, Sexuality, and Love
by Georg Simmel

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reconciliation of subjectivity and political order. But Hegel fleshes out as history what Rosen presents through provisional, often paradoxically stated arguments. Unlike Hegel, he does not go beyond abstract argument into recognition of the historically concrete, particularly the link between culture and politics.

On the positive side, Rosen makes his arguments with literary flair and erudition. His essays on Nietzsche, Fichte, Hegel, Plato, Aristotle, and Richard Rorty indicate an impressive command of original sources, including those in Greek and Latin. Rosen's study of Cartesian dualism is one of the most illuminating that I've seen. He shows that the gap between thinking and the world of activity created by Descartes's method of inquiry contributed to the contradictory tendencies of idealism and materialism.

At his best, Rosen embodies Hegel's ideal of modernity as the self-consciousness of antiquity. Would that others achieved or even aspired to the same!

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REVISIONS

THE COSTS OF GENDER

In 1985, the State Appeals Court in Washington overturned what had been comparable worth's biggest judicial victory to date: a lower court had found the state guilty of underpaying its female state employees. (The price of justice, in this case, was somewhere between $400 and $848 million.) In recent years, with the exception of the well-publicized Yale union settlement, the issue has largely disappeared from the newspapers. But it lives on, with a vengeance, in the sociological journals, and despite setbacks in the courts and in federal government, pay equity has solid support at the state level. Ten states have instituted comparable worth policies, and another 18 have conducted comparable worth studies. The issue is by no means dead, as Ellen Frankel Paul shows in her overview, *Equity and Gender: The Comparable Worth Debate* (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Publishers; 143 pp.).

Though a comparable worth critic, Paul does try to give both sides of the debate, devoting a chapter to the pro-pay equity arguments. She also drives home the crucial point: that far from being just another kind of legislation to rectify discrimination (such as Title VII, or the Equal Pay Act), comparable worth is the basis for a whole new economic scheme that would take key decisions on payscales and job classifications out of the hands of employers and give them to outside, "objective" experts.

Setting aside this great specter of state planning, anyone with common sense and a pocket calculator can shoot holes in the discrimination statistics. The most popular one is that women working full-time earn 60 cents to their male counterparts' dollar. June O'Neill has pointed out that, among other problems with this statistic, "full-time" is defined as 35 hours a week, shunting aside the fact that women working full-time seem to work 9 to 10 percent fewer hours than men. Add to this the reality that working women have worked 60 percent of their working lives, to men's on-average 100 percent, and that women's education is typically much less job-related than men's, and you have, according to O'Neill, explained half of that wage gap. Other researchers, such as Paul Weiler at Harvard Law School, have brought the gap down even lower, to 10 or 15 percent.

If the comparable worth statistics are based on highly-subjective assumptions, the outsider job evaluations are even more so. Richard Burr (in a study cited by Paul) found basic discrepancies in the standards used by various states—such as which factors in a job should be evaluated, and how much weight to give those factors. In New Mexico, half the evaluators were unable to agree on the classification level for 824 of the 896 jobs studied. This is the kind of "objectivity" that is supposed to replace the discriminatory "subjectivity" of our present relatively-free market.

As with so much protective legislation, the likely results will hurt those who need help most: as many of these pay equity payscales give greater weight to education than to physical danger or necessary strength, they are inherently anti-blue collar. And if employers are forced to raise salaries, especially under the direction of outsiders with little or no stake in the businesses, the result will be fewer jobs. With fewer jobs, it is always those on the lower end of the social ladder who get knocked off. With pay equity we are also certain to get higher taxes (just look at Washington) and a flood of court cases. Nor will it remain just a women's issue: how long can it be before Seattle's garbage collectors sue the city because what they do is just as valuable as auditors' work? (KD)

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Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Bad Sports

◆

Football season once again, and a profoundly depressing time of year it is. Sundays are all right—football's an interesting game and the NFL plays it superbly. It's Saturday afternoon that always makes me blue. Being a good citizen, I cheer for our team, of course, but we really have no business playing Clemson, much less beating them.

When I started writing these letters awhile back, I said that they wouldn't necessarily reflect "the Southern viewpoint," even when there might be such a thing. Well, when it comes to big-time college sports there is a Southern viewpoint, it's perfectly clear what it is, and I don't share it.

Look, I know I'm out of step, and I do hate to be a walking cliché. Few things are more banal than professors wringing their hands about the scandal of college athletics. There's not even much point in it. Most Southerners care more about sports than about anything else that goes on in our colleges; in many schools, even the students feel that way. It hasn't escaped the attention of on-the-make college presidents that fielding winning teams in the "money sports" (football and men's basketball) pays off in public and alumni support. Few Southerners would agree with Columbia historian James Shenton, who said that he found his university's record losing streak reassuring because it suggested to the world that Columbia's priorities were in order. We like winners down here, maybe because we got a bellyfull of losing a century and a quarter ago.

But we really have lost our sense of proportion—so much so that I teeter on the edge of being embarrassed for the South. I mean no unmerited disrespect for Southern higher education, but few lists of top colleges and universities overrepresent our region: one, however, is the list of schools that raise the most money for athletics, where half the entries are Southern. Just so, publishing has never been a Southern specialty, but 19 of the 24 universities that published sports magazines in 1982 were in the South. There was an outcry awhile back when the attorney general of Georgia removed the state troopers who had traditionally escorted University of Georgia football coach Vince Dooley on and off the field, and when the president of the University of Alabama hired a football coach with an unimpressive win-loss record he received death threats.

All this may sound like good clean fun, but I don't think it's accidental that 12 out of 22 colleges under NCAA sanctions in the fall of 1987 were in the South; for violations having to do with football, it was 8 out of 11. The truth is that to field nationally-ranked teams in the money sports requires highly-skilled, highly-paid, highly-recruited mercenaries, both athletes and coaches. To enlist them and to keep them happy and working requires more than a little corruption.

Stories are legion, and there are new ones each year. One of my favorites involves the avid booster at Texas (get this) Christian University who sequestered a recruit in a motel room to keep him away from the competition until signing time and arranged for prostitutes to entertain him. A friend who knows about these things says Texas Christian is unusual only in using professionals. Perhaps that's why, when nailed on this and several other counts, TCU had the barefaced audacity to complain that the penalties imposed by the NCAA were too severe. (TCU, by the way, is the alma mater of Shake Tiller and Billy Clyde Puckett in Dan Jenkins' novels *Semi-Tough* and *Life Its Ownself*—and I once thought Jenkins was exaggerating.)

Another recent example, less colorful but perhaps even more telling, comes from the University of Virginia. Recruiters there, being smarter than your average TCU booster, did an end-run around NCAA regulations. Finding that the athletic department had used its full quota of basketball scholarships, they offered a hot young blue-chipper a football scholarship instead, with the understanding that he would be allowed to "change his mind" about what sport he wished to play once he was enrolled at Charlottesville. Now I ask you: is this honorable? Is this gentlemanly? Is this building character? Is this what Mr. Jefferson had in mind?

I pick on Virginia not because it's the worst but because it's one of the best, one of the few major state universities for which there ever was much hope. When you find a school that seems to have things in perspective (Rice is one example, and Emory seems to be another) it is either private or poor. But even some private universities with aspirations to academic respectability bend to the cultural wind.

After Tulane's most recent scandal, for example, it had a chance to do the right thing. A committee was set up to look at the athletic program, and it could have called for the school to return sport to its proper place as an extracurricular activity slightly less important than debate. The trustees would have been unhappy, though, and no aggregation known to man is more pusillanimous than a faculty committee, so of course they blew it. Tulane is still going head to head with Alabama and Auburn.

Wake Forest also competes with much larger and less selective colleges; people used to alter the road signs around here to read things like "Interstate 85 / Wake Forest 0." Wake could have taken pride in having no students with SAT's lower than their body weights—but, no, they recently hired a football coach who used to be at North Carolina, where he recruited a player (now in the NFL) whose SAT scores were the lowest ever recorded for an entering freshman.

Maybe it helps to be a little dim if

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you're going to get within a hundred yards of the drug-crazed animals some colleges put on the football field. But basketball's no better. When a star player at a cow college near here was arrested (for theft: he wasn't allowed to play for a while), a reporter got hold of his SAT scores: they totaled 470, on a scale from 400 to 1600. Three of him, in other words, might add up to one MIT freshman (which raises the question of whether three MIT freshmen could handle him on the court, but never mind). This "student-athlete" was in fact illiterate, but that didn't matter to the schools that recruited him. Duke has gotten uppity since *The New York Times* called it a "hot school," but it was one of them; *Sports Illustrated* published a passionate mash note from their coach to this talented juvenile delinquent.

Some colleges, including mine, point to graduation rates for athletes that equal or exceed those for run-of-the-mill students without access to tutors, mandatory study halls, and reliable guidance to easy courses and faculty groupies. But that's a two-edged sword. If young folks without much in the way of scholastic aptitude can hold down what amount to full-time jobs and still get through, maybe the curriculum is too easy.

Moreover, lack of intellect is not the only problem. It is apparently difficult to win ball games consistently these days without at least a few specimens of low-grade human material, young men who tear up parking tickets, beat people up in bars, steal bicycles (these are all actual cases from my school)—and who expect, correctly as a rule, to get away with only slaps on the wrist, if that.

Consider Mr. Jeff Burger, starting quarterback for Auburn in 1987. In a little over two months Burger was suspended once for plagiarism, once for accepting a free plane ride from a booster (to go dove-hunting), and once for taking money from an assistant coach (to post bail on a concealed-weapon charge). Each time he was unsuspended on appeal in time for the next game. Auburn's vice president for "academic affairs" let him off on the plagiarism charge; the ever-obliging NCAA winked at the others.

Now, I should say that most college athletes I know are self-respecting and/or God-fearing young men and women. And it may even be that thugs, liars, petty thieves, vandals, and unwed fathers are no more common among football and basketball players than among late-adolescent American males in general. But, frankly, I don't believe that. The adulation and special treatment—not to mention the steroids—meted out to big-time college athletes don't exactly build character. Consider the football player (also at the nearby cow college) who was charged with rape: part of his defense was that a star like him wasn't used to girls who said no, and he didn't think this one really meant it. This character actually went to jail, but he was recently freed when the court ordered a new trial and his victim declined to go through the ordeal of testifying again.

I could go on and on. Memphis State, Oklahoma, Maryland, Georgia, Kentucky, SMU—I get them confused. Not long ago some Arkansas alumni lobbied to pull their state university out of the Southwest Conference, pointing out that it was one of only three schools in the conference *not* in trouble with the NCAA. Coach Broyles reportedly vetoed that move. Presidents come and go—sometimes for countenancing abuses, sometimes for opposing them—but athletic departments seem to go on forever. At Clemson a few years ago the president gave the trustees an ultimatum to the effect that it was either him or the athletic director, whereupon he was wished the best of luck in his new job, whatever that might turn out to be.

I can't be smug about that. A half-century ago, my own university's sainted president (a man remembered in these parts as a sort of male Eleanor Roosevelt) proposed to do away with athletic scholarships. When it was made plain to him that he was going to be president of a university with big-time athletics or he wasn't going to be president at all, he had a change of heart. One consequence, if you want to look at it that way, is that 50 years later—two years ago—we fired our football coach; or, rather, he was allowed to resign with an $800,000 settlement to make up for the years on his contract that, we were told, he had freely chosen not to work. (I know it doesn't make sense, but that's how they said it happened.) There had been an "erosion of confidence" among some "elements of the community": this is what a modern university administrator says when members of a booster club are unhappy.

Now, I've served on the committee that considers the admission of students with "special talents," and it certainly seems that our team should have won more games than it did. I won't get into specifics; let's just say that we have some very large students with IQ's about par for 18 holes. If our coach couldn't win with that material, maybe there was something wrong with his coaching. I don't feel sorry for him—for $800,000 I'd leave, too—but I am sorry he lost his job, because it makes it too plain for comfort what the conditions of his employment were. It's hard to mouth the old platitudes about why we have an athletic program when losing coaches are let go without reference to how much character they've built.

Enough. I'm starting to rant. Foaming at the mouth is the next stage.

Can anything be done? Probably not. The NCAA continues to tinker with its pathetic regulations, trying to palliate what even a few coaches and college presidents have come to recognize is a smelly situation. But rule changes won't help; to steal a simile from Albert Jay Nock, assimilating semiprofessional athletics is for a college or university like building a perpetual motion machine: some do better than others, but the undertaking is impossible in the first place.

Ideally, professional football and basketball would have farm clubs, like the baseball leagues. If it were up to the athletes, I'm sure they would. There's no reason novice professionals shouldn't be paid for their labors, and no reason they should have to struggle with Western Civ as a precondition for plying their craft. But of course there's also no reason for the NFL and NBA to have their own minor leagues so long as colleges are willing to provide them.

The Ivy League with its characteristic, superb arrogance has chosen in effect not to play that game. Its attitude seems to be: let the Dukes, the North Carolinas, the Texases, Nebraskas, Michigans, and UCLA's—all the academic no-hopers of the world, the intellectual Siberias—let them train

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players for the professional teams; we'll just play with *real* universities. Down here, though, folks won't buy that approach: they want their colleges, by God, to *compete* with Valley State and Nevada-Las Vegas.

Well, call me an effete snob, but I like the Ivies' attitude. The Harvard-Yale game seems to be no less hotly contested just because all the players can count to 11 with their shoes on. As someone once said, athletics are to education what bullfighting is to agriculture.

(That's an analogy, son—like on the SAT, you know? Don't worry if you don't understand it. What was that bench-press weight again?)

John Shelton Reed teaches for the time being at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He recognizes that these opinions put academic freedom to the test.

Letter From Washington

by Samuel Francis

An Illusion of the Future

◆

Barely a week after the Tiananmen Square massacre, Ronald Reagan showed up in London to deliver himself of some post-presidential opinions. As the nation's newest elder statesman, Mr. Reagan received international headlines for his speech, which turned out to be a long variation on his best-known line from *Death Valley Days*: progress is our most important product. "His main theme," reported *The Washington Post*'s David Broder, "was that the new communications technology is undermining authoritarian governments everywhere, or, as he put it, 'the Goliath of totalitarian control will rapidly be brought down by the David of the microchip.'"

The biblical source of Mr. Reagan's metaphor is suggestive, and the former president is not alone in believing that the post-industrial technology of microchips, lasers, satellites, personal computers, and biological engineering is closely connected with the Almighty. The most lyrical exponent of this new creed is probably George Gilder, who two years ago in *The American Spectator* warbled rhapsodically of the high-tech utopia that now slouches toward Bethlehem to be born.

"The Message of the Microcosm," according to Mr. Gilder, is that technological progress not only improves the material standards of human life, but also revolutionizes human relationships around the globe.

> The worldwide network of satellites and fiber optics, linked to digital computers, television terminals, telephones and databases, sustain worldwide markets for information, currency and capital on line 24 hours a day. Boeing 747's constantly traversing the oceans foster a global community of commerce. The silicon in sand and glass forms a global ganglion of electronics and photonic media that leaves all history in its wake. . . . In an age when man can inscribe worlds on grains of sand, conventional territory no longer matters.

Mr. Gilder evidently believes that human nature itself is about to play leapfrog. Not only territorial conventions but also most other institutions around which human history has revolved are on the way to obsolescence. "An onslaught of technological progress was reducing much of economic and social theory to gibberish. For example, such concepts as land, labor, and capital, nation and society—solemnly discussed in every academic institution as if nothing had changed—have radically different meanings than before and drastically different values. . . . No one shows any signs of knowing that we no longer live in geographical time and space, that the maps of nations are fully as obsolete as the charts of a flat earth, that geography tells us virtually nothing of interest where things are in the real world."

This is strange stuff coming from the author of *Sexual Suicide*, a deeply sceptical view of modern man's attempt to free himself. But there seems to be even more in Mr. Gilder's vision of the new age than merely secular economic and political miracles. Technology itself, in his view, appears to be a manifestation of something beyond this world. "Listening to the technology," he prophesies, "opens us to a new sense of the music of the spheres, a new sense of the power of ideas, a new integrated vision of the future of humanity. The microcosm is a new continent and its exploration brings richer rewards than were won by any earlier planners. It is the authentic frontier, invisible and invigorating, and closer to the foundation of reality and the reality of God."

Many self-proclaimed conservatives share the same, essentially religious vision of a technological millennium emerging as part of a divine blueprint for mankind. Nor is this vision a particularly new one. In the 19th century also, many observers slavered over the gadgets of the Industrial Revolution quite as ecstatically as any yuppie of the 1980's. The Victorian writer Charles Kingsley, for example, after visiting the Crystal Palace Exhibition in London in 1851, also was transported by what he saw. "The spinning jenny and the railroad," he wrote, "Cunard's liners and the electric telegraph, are to me . . . signs that we are, on some points at least, in harmony with the universe; that there is a mighty good spirit working among us . . . the Ordering and Creating God."

Imagine the surprise of such visionaries had they lived to see the kind of cosmic harmony that the technologies of World Wars I and II brought about. Mustard gas and machine guns, nukes and napalm might have cooled somewhat the incandescent fantasy of 19th-century progressivists that God was on the side of the biggest steam engine. Kingsley, like Mr. Gilder and President Reagan, seems to have missed the elementary point that technology, regardless of how clever or helpful to human labors, doesn't change the oil that lubricates the human motor, and it doesn't displace or diminish the apparently bottomless human capacity to think up wicked things to do with machines.

Tiananmen Square is case in point. Not only did the elder statesmen of Beijing discover some rather ungodly applications of tanks and machine guns, but also their secret police have cleverly rigged up television cameras on street poles to keep their eyes on any small knots of lesser comrades who might be inclined to express opinions about any

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subject other than the local humidity.

Technology of the same principle, of course, is already widespread in American stores for the purpose of detecting shoplifters and purse snatchers, and this summer Maryland and Virginia state police were seeking federal funding for a combination radar-photography system that would take pictures of vehicles exceeding the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit and their license plates. Vehicle owners would then be sent a summons through the mail and held liable for the speeding fine. In deference to the mating habits of the Beltway, the photograph itself would not be mailed to the presumed offender "for fear that it might reveal the embarrassing presence of another party in the car," according to *The Washington Post*. "The evidence in photo radar is almost ironclad," spouts William T. Newman of the Arlington County Board. Think of the cosmic harmony Deng Xiaoping could create if the Red Guards were as technologically advanced as Arlington.

Stripped of its pseudotheological plumage, the faith of the New Age right in a technological salvation for mankind reduces to nothing more than the superstitions of the Enlightenment and its Marxist and behaviorist inheritors: the belief that human beings are the products of their historical environment and that with the amelioration of the environment, men and women will also be improved — "will be as gods," as someone once said. Historical reality has exploded this myth many times over, from the Reign of Terror to last summer's bloody picnic in Beijing, but, like any superstition, the myth seems to be impervious.

In the last couple of centuries, the myth has gone through three distinct stages and now seems to be metamorphosing yet again. In the first stage, the hostile environment was political, and the myth promised that if dynasties, aristocracies, and established churches were overthrown, and at least some of the people given the vote, the problems of mankind would be solved. The second stage, after political emancipation proved to be pretty much of a flop, centered on the economy. Politics was only a mask for property, you see, and if only wealth were redistributed and equality established, humanity would really be on the move.

By the mid-20th century, when this stage of the myth began to come a cropper as well, the myth entered its third stage by concentrating on social and cultural institutions as repressive forces. On the left, this stage is still kicking in the form of crusades against the family, "racism," national and regional identities, and the chief villain of the age, the white heterosexual middle-class male.

But already the myth is beginning to shift its shape again in the form of a revolt against nature itself through technological thaumaturgy. In this guise, the environmentalist myth identifies as its chief enemies the biology of human reproduction and the social institutions based on that biology, as well as such inconvenient facts of nature as the inevitability of death and the confinements of time and space. Once mankind has been photosynthesized through technological globalism, paradise is sure to be just around the corner. This time, however, the revolt against nature is not confined to the left but also envelops the "right." Indeed, if anything is being transcended in the last years of the century, it's not nature and its rules, but rather any meaningful distinction between right and left, as both camps regurgitate the same superstitions of the Enlightenment in new and more dangerous forms. And people wonder why it is, in an age that considers the constraints of nature to be as obsolete, repressive, and irrelevant as chastity belts, that bookstores are full of volumes on astrology and occultism, that teenagers practice Satanism, and that cults, pseudoscience, and all kinds of nutty social irrationalisms flourish.

Samuel Francis is deputy editorial page editor of The Washington Times.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Garbage In, Garbage Out

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It's bound to happen.

As the prodigal metropolises east and west of North Dakota accumulate garbage, after they've tried and failed at recycling and incineration, they're going to want to *put* that garbage somewhere — stuff it where it won't offend a constituent or blemish a perfect urban concrete-scape.

These folks are naturally going to think "wasteland" when they think about where to send their waste, and this life being what it is, they're going to send it right up here to us.

The North Dakota State Health Department's division of waste management says that no waste company has overtly expressed an interest in North Dakota, but the EPA office in Denver says that Wyoming and *South* Dakota *have* received proposals. People in Burbank and the Bronx figure that we have so much room, so few people, and so much sinfully clean air that we'd be *glad* to take in their garbage. They're willing to pay a *lot* to get rid of the stuff, and private companies may be willing to share some of that money with a state or locality, just for the privilege of doing business. It's simply a matter of time before North Dakota is approached.

A Colorado-based company, South Dakota Disposal Systems, Inc., has proposed a dump to handle up to 1.5 million tons of municipal solid waste a year, most of it — surprisingly — from other states relatively near Edgemont, SD, in the extreme southwest part of the state. The EPA in Denver has reviewed this plan for the "Lone Tree Balefill Facility" (sounds like a great place to vacation, doesn't it?) and has found no major problems, adding that most regulating of nonhazardous solid waste disposal is a state responsibility and that some states' regulations are tougher than the EPA's.

In North Dakota, the State Health Department regulates landfills but only localities can prohibit them. And the assistant director of the waste management division doesn't think landfills are so bad, if they're managed properly.

Quite frankly, I think this is exciting news. We've got a little unemployment problem here in North Dakota; think about the *jobs* this would create. We'd need people to build the landfill plants and supervise them, and scads of truckers to drive to New Jersey and Los Angeles to pick up the stuff and haul it back here. No one but stolid Northern

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European stock (e.g., people who eat cabbage soaked in vinegar and fish soaked in lye) would even *consider* such a job, so there would be no influx from the margins of the nation. But that's just the beginning.

Communities in Connecticut and Florida have come up with a new way to dispose of solid waste: "landfill mining." A crisis seemed imminent in the spring of 1988 when the only landfill in Thompson, Connecticut, was nearly full. Then town officials heard about the folks in Collier County, Florida, who "mine" their trash. That means that they go into existing landfills, extract the garbage, reclaim the decomposed matter as dirt, and put the rest back. Thompson thought this sounded dandy, and tried it.

They're celebrating now because the project was so successful that it gave them as much as two more years to come up with a way to dispose of the town's garbage. It's also saved them money: the landfill mining project cost about $119,000, and hauling the town's garbage to the closest incinerator would have cost $525,000 in tipping fees alone.

There's one hitch. According to Connecticut's Department of Environmental Protection, landfill mining may have limited applications because not all landfills meet the two most important requirements: extensive decomposition and no toxic waste (i.e., lotsa rot and nothing hot). But everyone concerned is hopeful that soon mined garbage will be allowed as fill outside the landfill site—say, at road construction projects.

Think about it: a whole new employment category—"landfill miner." It couldn't be any dirtier than being a Roto Rooter man or working in a meat packing plant—or farming, for that matter. Our people are desperate. Supplementing our *own* garbage with other peoples' just *might* be what tides us over until the next oil and coal booms and the price of wheat goes up . . .

. . . At which time we can ship all the foreign garbage somewhere else. Like back where it came from. From what I hear, those places wouldn't even notice.

Jane Greer makes an effort to recycle newspapers and her monthly columns.

Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

Socialist Nostalgia

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Since May 1981, when they won a sweeping electoral victory in the parliamentary elections, France's Socialists have suffered two sobering shocks which, while they have brought many of their soaring dreams plummeting to earth, have made many malcontents. The first shock was administered in 1983 when, after two years of ideological debauch, which resulted in (among other things) the nationalization of 38 banks and three successive devaluations of the franc, the finance minister, Jacques Delors, put an end to the splurge by imposing a strict "austerity" program. The second shock was administered in 1986 when a majority of French electors voted the Socialists out of office, thereby forcing a clearly nettled President Mitterrand to choose a new non-Socialist prime minister—in the person of the neo-Gaullist mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac.

In the United States, where we have an essentially presidential system of government, we have long since grown accustomed to seeing, for example, a Republican president having to share power with a Democratic Congress. But in France, which now has a hybrid presidential-parliamentary system, nothing comparable had been seen since the start of the Fifth Republic in 1958.

This period of forcible cohabitation proved to be relatively brief. For in May 1988 François Mitterrand, who is with little doubt the cleverest (though by no means the most sagacious) politician in France, scored a sweet revenge—first by getting himself reelected president for another seven-year term, and then by leading his Socialist Party to a new parliamentary victory, which largely effaced the humiliating defeat of 1986. The campaign was fought on the distinctly unsocialistic slogan of an "opening towards the Center" and the person subsequently chosen as the new prime minister was a maverick Socialist named Michel Rocard, whose popularity in public-opinion polls in the past has often exceeded Mitterrand's (to the latter's intense annoyance). To prove that the promised "opening towards the Center" was more than hollow campaign rhetoric, Rocard (who happens to be a Protestant, often regarded in France as a guarantee of integrity) put together an enormously inflated government, with close to 50 cabinet ministers and under-secretaries, of whom half a dozen were nonsocialist "Centrists." The idea was to break down the fairly rigid division of France into two hostile and almost equal blocks—one belonging to the "left," the other of the "right"—and in doing so to generate a new atmosphere of social harmony or, as it has come to be known, a new national "consensus."

That this new and so-far stumbling "consensus" was bound sooner or later to exasperate certain frustrated or disillusioned French socialists was inevitable; and if there is anything truly startling in this phenomenon it is the virulence with which the present situation of the Socialists has been excoriated in two recently published books, both written by fervent "leftists."

The first book is the work of Thierry Pfister, a Socialist "insider" of Alsatian origin who served for three years as an aide to Mitterrand's first prime minister, Pierre Mauroy (1981-1984). The title of his sparkling as well as devastating book—*Lettre ouverte à la génération Mitterrand qui marche à côté de ses pompes*—is on a par with its scintillating contents. (In French slang *pompes* means "shoes," and when someone is said to be walking alongside of his "pumps"—in this case the Mitterrand generation—it means quite simply that he is hopelessly astray, not to say "off his rocker.")

The gist of Pfister's message is that the socialists who climbed enthusiastically back into the governmental saddle two years ago were no longer socialists in anything but name, having tacitly foresworn all of their old left-wing ideals and become members of what he wittily calls the "extreme center." The French Socialist Party, he further claims, never developed the cohesion of Social Democratic parties in other European countries (notably in Scandinavia, West Germany, and pre-Neil Kinnock Britain), and at present it is a hodgepodge composed of three distinct generations. The oldest is composed of those who, like Mitterrand, were part of the "resistance" in wartime (1940-1944) France. The second

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generation, which he refers to as the *mocassins*, were opposed to the Algerian war and went on a car-burning and street-barricading rampage during the "Red May" of 1968. The third and youngest generation — which Pfister dubs that of the *baskets* (i.e., those who like to walk around in the kind of sneakers used by basketball players) — are the most uncertain and disoriented of them all.

Pfister's book is peppered with withering remarks about the glib opportunism of French Socialists — the "caviar Left" as he terms them — and the hollowness of their political verbiage. And equally luminous is Pfister's explanation of why, after voting in a conservative majority in 1986, the French electorate (or at any rate an appreciable number of them) did an about-face and voted in a supposedly "leftist" government in 1988. Mitterrand's victory, he claims, was a victory of conformism, as opposed to the "dangerous" experiments which French economic "liberals" (led by the minister of industry, Alain Madelin) wanted to introduce in order to reduce the crippling power of the state and also the control of labor unions over French industrial concerns. "An anxious France, sensitive to the reaffirmation of its traditional values, preferred to assure its acquisitions rather than a liberalism which, by menacing known references, was disquieting. Mitterrand was the president-elect of the pause, the elect of state conformism and of social conservatism."

The most ferocious pages in this caustic appraisal of what is going on in the upper echelons of French government are those of the conclusion, in which he boldly compares Mitterrand to a "presidential vampire" who needs to regenerate his own aging blood with the fresh blood of a younger generation. "This man kills what he embraces." In the 1970's he embraced the French Communist Party, and after ten deadly years he dropped it, like a limp "bloodless rag." In 1986 he reluctantly embraced Jacques Chirac and his colleagues of the opposition, and in just two years he had sucked them dry "like a totally devoured fruit." "And who," he concludes in the same ferocious vein, "will the vampire of the Elysée presently embrace? Socialists and Centrists are the next victims. Choice ones too. One need only watch them advancing, as though under hypnosis, towards the executioner, to realize that the process is well on its way. And doubtless irreversible."

It is Pfister's belief that French leftists can remain true to their ideals only when out of power and in opposition. In power, they find themselves confronted by a more or less immovable bureaucracy and having to administer a population which over the years has grown increasingly property-conscious and conservative.

Of a strikingly different tone is Régis Debray's severe critique. An impassioned apologia of the French Republic — its title is *Que vive la République!* — it is the work of a one-time student of philosophy and self-appointed Third-World revolutionary who went off to join Ché Guevara in the mountain jungles of Bolivia, and whose subsequent capture by Bolivian army forces was soon followed (some say as a result of indiscretions committed while under interrogation) by the trapping and killing of his hero.

An unrepentant Third-World Marxist, or at any rate an impenitent follower of Frantz Fanon, Debray has an essentially militant view not only of French history but more specifically of the French Republic, which he sees as "not a regime among others, but an ideal and a struggle." Like Pfister, he has no use for the tepid "consensus" now dominating French political life and which has found recent expression in a deliberate attempt to reduce the bicentennial commemoration of the French Revolution to its tamest possible dimension. An unabashed admirer of Robespierre, Debray doesn't hesitate to make an apologia for violence, without which revolutions cannot succeed. It is no accident that the two "bards" of the French Revolution whom Debray most admires are the historian Jules Michelet and the poet Victor Hugo.

The trouble, according to Debray, is that the French left has quietly sold out, not simply to the stockbrokers and the financiers but no less perniciously to the purveyors of the mind-numbing and hypnotic TV image and the "mediatic Golden Calf." The very opposite of a cold rationalist, Debray is a fervent believer in the strength and value of myths; and the decline, not to say the death, of the revolutionary-collectivist myth that was born in 1789 and triumphantly prolonged throughout the 19th century by various forms of socialism can only, he claims, leave an ideological void, which a new and far more terrifying fanaticism (Islamic fundamentalism?) may seek to fill.

More than once, while reading this book, I was reminded of Stendahl's *Lucien Leuwen* — the novel in which his critical portrayal of the "money-grubbing" France of Louis-Philippe (1830-1848) was wistfully contrasted to the "old-fashioned" virtue he most admired: witty conversation. The virtues Régis Debray admires are of a different sort, beginning with revolutionary verve and militancy (which always means *against* some obstacle or adversary); but he shares the same contempt for the chrematistic ethos which Louis-Philippe's austere premier, François Guizot, once summed up in this simple exhortation: "*Enrichissez-vous!*" Guizot's regime prided itself on being that of the *juste milieu*, the perfect middle ground between the two reactionary and revolutionary extremes, while today François Mitterrand's France seems destined to repeat history by becoming what the historian François Furet has called "*la république du Centre.*" But such abject moderation is enough to make Debray's blood boil, simply because, as he puts it, "there is no Republic that can repose solely on the riches of spectacle or on the spectacle of riches."

Some twenty years ago, after the shock of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the French Communist Party's leading philosopher, Roger Garaudy, was so soul-shaken to find his visionary dreams reduced to dust that he finally took refuge from the horrors of the present by embracing Islam. Because the circumstances today are radically different, nationally as well as internationally, I doubt that Régis Debray would ever take such a desperate step. But given his mystic streak ("I am convinced that a socialist policy cannot survive for long after the disappearance of a socialist mystique") and given his thirst for the absolute, there is no telling in which direction his philosophical dismay may take him next.

Curtis Cate is a historian and biographer who lives in Paris.

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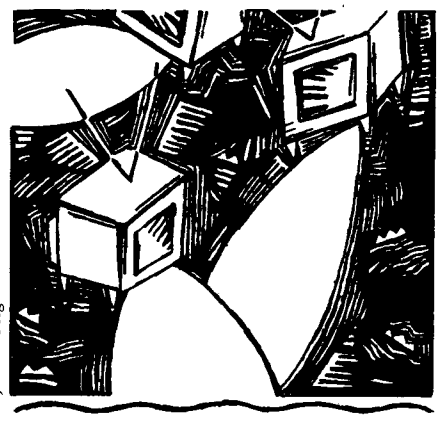
MEDIA



Jeanne Berg

Light Reading

by Janet Scott Barlow

Is it possible, in 50 words or less, to describe today's woman, the post-feminist 80's woman, the woman who will soon become the 90's woman? I'm glad you asked. The typical American woman in 1989 is divorced, in need of financial guidance, worried about her career, either agonizing about her biological clock or searching out paid caretakers for the children she has, insecure about her looks, and, most of all, traumatized in her relationships with men. Oh, and she's also bolder, happier, and more self-possessed than ever. The 80's woman is a walking wreck who thinks her life makes sense because she has discovered "self-esteem."

This assessment is based on evidence from an authoritative source, one that's in the business of reflecting women's interests and addressing their concerns. I am talking about women's magazines, which have multiplied in the past decade until they now dominate the periodicals sections of bookstores. Today there are publications aimed at single women, older women, working mothers, female executives, and fitness-crazed women of all ages.

If proof were needed that the feminist movement has shifted women's priorities and concerns, the names alone of the newer women's magazines would be enough. While familiar standbys like *Family Circle*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Ladies' Home Journal* are still around, they seem positively quaint next to *Self*, *First*, *New Woman*, *Savvy Woman*, just plain *Woman*, and now *Lear's*, which is for the savvy new woman who "wasn't born yesterday." All that's missing from the line-up is a journal called *Me*.

These magazines vary in quality, but they share one trait and it's a striking one: they are editorially schizoid—which makes them a mirror of the confused self-image of their readership. Their editorial philosophy is straight out of the women's movement, while their editorial choices, their actual content, reflects the emotional cost of living by feminist dogma. They toss around the language of confidence, autonomy, and strength, while discussing issues that suggest loneliness, anxiety, and doubt. Read enough of these magazines and you will become convinced not only that American women are having a collective nervous breakdown, but that they feel compelled not to acknowledge it. This is the ironic legacy of modern feminism. What started out, in Betty Friedan's phrase, as "the problem that has no name" (*There is not enough here to make me happy*) has evolved, 25 years later, into The Feminine Mystique, Phase II: *If there's so much here, why aren't I happy?*

When I got married in 1965, I discovered rather quickly that I didn't care much for women's magazines. There was aimless pleasure in the food articles, the decorating tips, and the afghan patterns, but I had limited interest in whether "this marriage can be saved" and a low tolerance for how-I-survived-a-crisis stories, as well as for women's humor (as tiresome in its way as men's humor; what's funny should be funny, period). Those magazines—conventional fare for women—weren't offensive, just boring. The image they presented of women wasn't insulting, just incomplete. And their often idealized picture of domestic life wasn't irrelevant, but it was unstimulating.

Today, publications like *McCall's*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Ladies' Home Journal* still seem dull, but in a different way. Now they are what *People* magazine would be if it included recipes. They do publish serious articles occasionally, but these are stuck between features like "Fergie Shapes Up" and "Raquel Welch: Her Most Intimate Interview." In any case, the older women's publications are not where the action is. To see the last 25 years in perspective, you have to look to the more recent additions to the women's market, magazines that demonstrate that whatever problems women had as women, the feminist movement was not the solution.

Take *New Woman*, for instance, which proudly bears the motto "A New Woman is an attitude, not an age," and whose editor calls it "an intelligent magazine that offers [women] new ideas, choices, and creative alternatives to help them meet the growing demands in their personal and professional lives."

This high-flown promise is followed in a recent issue by articles that are as memorable for the questions they leave hanging as for the subjects they address. Like the piece on what to do when "a man you love" is "sweet and sensitive" in private but humiliates you in public. As a New Woman, of course, you have several options. If the man in question is at least "trying to be a New Man," you can use patience, because a "half-liberated man may need more time to get his public and private acts in sync." Or you can take action, by telling him that "he must relate to you as an *equal* in front of others." Finally, if the guy is totally hopeless, you can make a stab at "personal wisdom" by tossing "a frozen margarita down his shirt." Ah, yes—the equality lecture and the old frozen margarita trick. Fixes 'em every time.

As for "creative alternatives," *New Woman* offers a personal essay titled

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"And Baby Makes Two." What could be more creative than getting pregnant at the age of 40 by "a rock musician still in his 20's"? And what could be a better alternative than deciding "marriage is out of the question"? (When feminine identity is simply a matter of "attitude," you can be as creative as all get-out.) And under the heading of "new ideas," we have the results of a study that produced the "unexpected" finding that couples "who stay together have commitment, each to the other . . . and are possessive of each other." Apparently this is news to women who go around getting pregnant by rock musicians they don't want to marry.

For *New Woman* readers who haven't reached the commitment stage but would like to, there are articles like "Last Chance for Love" (how "attractive, articulate, circumspect" people can end their loneliness and find someone to marry) and "20 Ice-Breaking Questions" to ask a man on a first date, questions that will help a woman "know someone deeply" and "maximize the opportunity for intimacy." After reading through this list, I'd say the writers, two women, are correct in their claim that these questions can "turn a man's head around." Being married, I haven't been dating much lately; but I'm sure that if I did go on a date, I could get a man's attention real quick by asking, perhaps on the way to a movie, "Do you believe in God? What is your concept of Him/Her?"

It is a sign of the times that a magazine can call itself "intelligent" and its readership "liberated" while publishing the kind of first-date advice that once was thought appropriate only for teen magazines aimed at anxiety-ridden adolescent girls. It is a further sign of the times that this same publication, in the same issue, runs a single men's discussion of "men's views about women" in which a man named Marshall reveals that one of his least favorite experiences is being asked probing personal questions on a first date. So what is *New Woman* actually saying on this subject? It seems to be saying that it's a great idea to grill a first date with intimate questions, so long as you avoid going out with Marshall.

The magazine makes one more pass at motherhood, with a short essay called "Watching My Daughter Grow." As a way to talk about herself, the writer, a New Woman Mom, chooses as her subject her daughter's arrival at puberty. "[T]he odds are awfully good that her breasts will be bigger than mine," Mom writes. "Will I be able to avoid shifting into a competitive mode?" The question, much less the answer, is too revolting to contemplate. But then, this is a writer filled with "sadness" because her growing daughter is now that much closer to being "a woman in a world that does not treat its women well." And maybe she has a point. When mothers can publicly exploit their daughters' feminine milestones for no greater purpose than moldy politics and biological sentimentality, then some females really aren't being treated very well—at least not by other females.

New Woman arouses in me a feeling I never thought possible: a sense of nostalgia for trivialities like fiesta rice recipes and easy kitchen makeovers. Maybe I can kick the feeling with *Lear's*, the fine-looking new monthly published for "the mature woman," age 40-plus, a category I happen to fall into. It could be an interesting experience to have someone else tell me what's on my mind.

So what *is* on the mind of us mature women? Let's run through the May issue of *Lear's* and find out. First off, a luncheon interview conducted by editor Frances Lear with talk-show host Larry King. The best moment in the interview comes when King, sly fox that he is, covers his sexual *and* political credentials in one deft stroke by stating that he could "never go to bed with [a woman] who didn't know who Adlai Stevenson was." Mrs. Lear seems pleased but skeptical. "Never? No exceptions at all?" she asks. "No, no, no," insists the maturity-loving King.

Next, a column on how women can get the maximum financial settlement in a divorce proceeding. No youthful romantic notions here. Women are advised to plan from the beginning "for the contingency that a marriage may end in divorce." This is followed by a piece on backgammon.

Moving on, we come to a lengthy article on the digestive system, one that is memorable for two reasons. First, it places a detailed description of every unpleasant digestive problem known to (wo)man under the rather charming heading "Digestive Snafus." Second, it is illustrated with a photograph of a nude woman. *Lear's* being an unmistakably feminist publication, this naked female can't possibly be intended as some kind of cheap eye-grabber. But since nudity is not a requisite for digestion, it's hard to view her as a medical illustration. Then why is she there? And why is her hand resting gracefully between her breasts? And what is she thinking of as she looks dreamily off into space? Gallstones? Lactose intolerance? Adlai Stevenson?

Next, another article on divorce, this one featuring less-than-famous women who have either dumped or been dumped by famous Hollywood husbands and are now trying to "emerge from divorce with a new definition of self," presumably something other than "divorcee." The consensus among these ex-wives is that divorce 1) is a devastating, disorienting, deeply painful experience and 2) has its positive side. For readers who need even *more* information on divorce, the article includes a sidebar on Divorce Anonymous, a Southern California self-help group in which lots more divorced people are redefining themselves.

After that, in rapid succession, we find a superficial piece on Rose Styron, wife of the novelist William Styron; a lavish photo spread of women smoking cigars; a book excerpt called "What Really Happens in Bed" (silly me, I had assumed that one of the advantages of not being born yesterday was that you didn't need instruction on what really happens in bed); and an interminable account by Pete Hamill of his trip to a fat farm.

This last one surprises me. I have never read anything by Pete Hamill in which he wasn't either continuing his mourning for the passing of John Kennedy and Camelot or bitching about the heartlessness of government. And now here he is, posing barechested in a sombrero, talking about submitting "my Irish peasant's feet to a pedicure" and yammering on about a recurring dream involving Bette Midler, a Mexican volcano, and a pizza.

Excuse me if I feel gypped, not to mention depressed. Someone finally publishes a magazine for the woman with a few years on her and this is what

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they come up with? Digestion and backgammon? Cigar-smoking women? Pete Hamill's *dreams*, for crying out loud?

The *Lear's* message, of course, is *You're not getting older, you're getting better*. And the *New Woman* message is *Isn't it great to be free and female and have it all*? What getting better has to do with divorce, Larry King's sex life, and Pete Hamill's feet, I don't know. And how you square the *New Woman* celebration of freedom with the need for first-date advice and a fear of ending up alone is beyond me.

The mixture of self-congratulation and insecurity reflected in these magazines, the combination of desperation and denial, is evidence that women have been mislead. Undone by the options they've demanded, they are now adrift, seeking security in the creation of even more options. Having replaced emotional order and common sense with the freedom of "attitudes," they appear bewildered that the trade-off isn't working out. (Can anger be far behind?) They seem to sense that a life without a degree of social and moral confinement is itself a kind of prison, but they don't know how to find their way out or even whether they're allowed to *want* out. They have redefined themselves repeatedly, but it hasn't solved their problems. They've thought about nothing but themselves for years, and it hasn't made them happy. Now they get to read about themselves in their own special magazines and hear that they are happy, they *are*. So it must be true, right? After all, they read years ago that they were oppressed, victimized, cheated, and that was true, wasn't it?

Janet Scott Barlow covers popular culture from Cincinnati.

LIBERAL ARTS

PENNIES FROM ????

America's most endearing atheist to Bruce Bursma of *The Chicago Tribune* (July 28, 1989): "There has been some Madalyn Murray O'Hair bashing going on, and I'm sick of it. I'm right, and everybody else is wrong, and that's all there is to it." O'Hair was not referring to her views on life, the universe, and everything, but her efforts to get control of the estate of atheist bigot James Hervey Johnson—or James Scurvy Johnson, as O'Hair used to call him. Johnson committed the mortal sin of appointing an Episcopalian instead of an atheist as executor of his $22 million estate. Most Christians might ask, what's the difference? O'Hair is livid and accuses Johnson of accumulating atheist assets only to squander them on Christians. Poor Johnson, hounded even beyond the grave by "the female atheist who talks you dead."

LAW

Jeanne Berg

Recalling the Case Against Female Suffrage

by Nicholas Davidson

I was asked once on a radio show whether the arguments I was making against feminism wouldn't also lead me to oppose women voting. I pointed out that though I personally favored giving women the vote, the case against female suffrage was a very respectable one, and was most visibly urged by *women* when female suffrage was an issue and not a fact. Nor is the issue of female suffrage quite as moot as it seems, for it taps into fundamental questions about the very nature of modernity.

The advocates of female suffrage in the 19th and early 20th centuries presented two main arguments. The first argument, and one still made by feminists, is that women have a collective interest that they must defend against men. This notion is extremely broad, lumping a large group of individuals together, and assumes that women's and men's interests exist in a Hobbesian opposition, when on the contrary, most men want what is best for women. A homemaker supported by a man who loses his job to reverse discrimination has been harmed in the name of women. A man's second wife has no interest in his first wife collecting alimony. A woman raped or robbed by a fatherless child of the state is a victim of federal aid to single women. Even feminists have recently begun to acknowledge the diversity of women's interests. As a recent article in *Cosmopolitan*, a bellwether of woman-on-the-street feminism, states, "The gravest error of feminist leaders is their insistence that what is fair and equal for some women is fair and equal for all." It isn't. Ongoing attempts to define "women's interests" are so contradictory that, according to feminist Ann Snitow, "Willingly or not, activist lawyers find themselves pitted against each other."

The second common argument for female suffrage was that women have a special moral sense, which will elevate politics. This idea has considerable currency at present, largely thanks to the ideas that Carol Gilligan, a Harvard feminist psychologist, presents in her book *In a Different Voice* (1982). According to Carol Gilligan, men are "moral absolutists" who see moral dilemmas in terms of predetermined, abstract notions of right and wrong. In contrast, women, she says, are "moral pragmatists" who try to reconcile conflict between individuals and therefore include different points of view in their own.

It is true that women have a particular moral sense, which has great virtues and complementary limitations. But it is not clear that this moral sense translates well into the public arena. On the contrary, one can argue that women's distinctive moral sense arises from the circumstances of private life, to which alone it is adapted, and that it does not survive immersion in the public arena—even that it leads to negative behaviors there. Recent articles by feminists deploring women's disgracefully petty and self-serving behavior in corporations—worse than men's, it is said—provide *prima facie* evidence of this

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point. (See, for instance, "When Feminism Failed," by Mary Anne Dolan, *The New York Times Magazine*, June 26, 1988.)

American women do vote slightly to the left of men on average, but this effect is minor, commonly on the order of five percentage points. This much-ballyhooed "gender gap" did nothing to prevent the landslide election of ERA- and abortion-foe Ronald Reagan against the near-perfect feminist ticket of Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro in 1984. It is, moreover, not necessarily a sign of superiority. The kind of short-term compassion idealized by Carol Gilligan, grounded in immediate feelings of sympathy, may be highly destructive when planning matters of state, as compared to more abstract approaches grounded in a longer view.

In short, the main arguments that were used to promote female suffrage are false.

A better claim is enjoyed by the argument from equity: that it's only fair that women get the vote. The argument from equity is often associated with the claim that women's self-images are poor, and will be improved by women feeling that they are "responsible members of society." Aileen S. Kraditor, the noted feminist historian, admits at the end of her major work, *The Ideas of the Woman Suffrage Movement*, that women's suffrage conferred no practical benefits whatever. "The addition of women to the electorate," she wrote, "has not significantly altered American voting patterns as the suffragists predicted it would." But she nonetheless attributes "an enormous change" to the adoption of female suffrage: it did away with the suffragists' "intense shame" at not having the vote and gave them "a new respect for themselves." Kraditor's rhetoric cannot help but remind one of Olive Chancellor, the extremely unattractive and extremely believable feminist character in Henry James's *The Bostonians*, who tells her charge Verena Tarrant that she feels the absence of the vote "all the time, like a stain on one's honour." Verena, a far more typical, feminine woman, is totally indifferent to the vote and is in this regard probably more representative of the women of her time. Whether such women are more helped or hurt by sexual homogenization is a critical question, one that has by no means been answered in a convincing manner by the conventional wisdom.

Against the argument for equity, one can make the case that women are disadvantaged by a society that refuses to make gender distinctions. To the extent that this is true, respecting women means cultivating gender distinctions. Yet advocates of female suffrage (such as Olive Schreiner and Marguerite de Witt and many others) make very clear that the suffrage was only the opening wedge to the elimination of sex roles. In this regard, they manifested the equality/specialty split that is endemic to feminism: the suffrage was needed to eliminate social gender, but also to express women's special (especially moral) qualities.

In the view of many antisuffragists, female suffrage does not simply extend democratic sovereignty on the basis of equity; instead, it represents a fundamental change in the basis of political representation. Where universal manhood suffrage prevails, society is represented by families. Under the circumstances, a man of even the slightest sensibility will vote with a profound sense of the responsibility laid on him. Universal suffrage, however, changes the basis of political representation from the family to the individual. The voter now represents only himself and the family is opened to political intrusion.

Like the Equal Rights Amendment in the 1970's, female suffrage was actively opposed mostly by women. As the feminist Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale reported in 1914 of the American antisuffrage groups, "The number of men in these organizations is apparently few." It is curious that nobody asked women whether they wanted to be given the vote. There was no referendum.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale (in *What Women Want*, 1914) goes on to give one of the most succinct definitions ever provided of "the average American male" in his attitudes toward feminism: "He, in truth, is today only inclined to oppose the ambitions of women when they may interfere with his business; otherwise he watches their activities with an indulgent smile. Having been trained to give them whatever they ask for, he sees little reason to refuse their demand for the vote. He is no longer anti-feminist, but merely indifferent."

The ideal state makes gender distinctions, and the ideal society develops these into a rich matrix of human possibility. To the extent that it represents an assault on gender distinctions, it is by no means clear that female suffrage is a net benefit. Thomas Jefferson, the most socialistic of America's Founding Fathers, explicitly opposed female suffrage: "Were our state a pure democracy, there would still be excluded from our deliberations women, who, to prevent deprivation of morals and ambiguity of issues, should not mix promiscuously in gatherings of men."

It is possible that Jefferson's rather limited reasons against female suffrage conceal a sound instinct, in the Hayekian sense that most of the essential structures of society remain beyond our ken. You can oppose Nature, but she will always have her revenge in the end. One of the earliest American antifeminist works, Horace Bushnell's *Women's Suffrage: The Reform Against Nature* (1869), argued that if female suffrage were to be adopted, it would signify the approaching end of the American experiment. People would then, Bushnell argued, be forced to cast about for new shores.

Nicholas Davidson is author of The Failure of Feminism *(Prometheus Books).*

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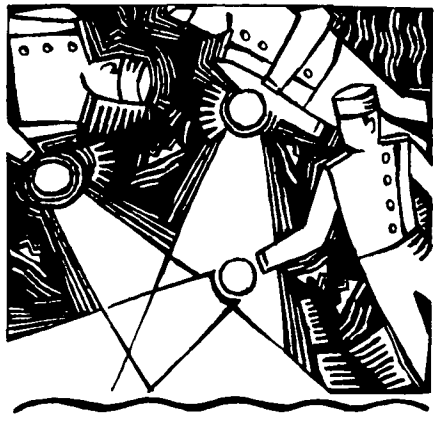

Jeanne Berg

The Poet as Cleaning Lady

by John Chodes

Kristine Thatcher's play *Niedecker*, produced earlier this year by the Women's Project at the Apple Corps Theatre in New York, is about paradoxes. It is the story of the reclusive poet Lorine Niedecker (1903-1970). She has been dead almost twenty years and is largely forgotten, but when she was alive Ezra Pound championed her. Basil Bunting said that she was "the best living poetess. No one is so subtle with so few words," and Peter Yates called her the "most absolute poetess in our language since Emily Dickinson."

Thatcher's play focuses on the last three years of Niedecker's life, spent (like most of her 67 years) in the small rural community of Ft. Atkins, Wisconsin. For those unaware of the real-life story of Lorine Niedecker, the play raises more questions than it answers. For instance, why would this talented woman choose to live in such an anti-intellectual atmosphere, where her husband and neighbors undermine her poetry, which she feels is essential to her life?

The play does not do justice to reality. It accentuates the small, the remote, and the alienated in Lorine Niedecker's life. It makes us wonder how she ever became known, much less an emerging star in the constellation of poets. Thatcher leads us to believe that Niedecker only had a few poems published in obscure periodicals, that she was completely out of touch with any literary scene, and that no one of any consequence knew she existed.

This picture is false. Lorine Niedecker always had her finger on the pulse of contemporary American poetry, even from her quiet corner of Wisconsin. As far back as the 1920's, when in high school, she was a voracious reader and writer of poetry, from the classical to the most avant-garde. In 1931 Niedecker read Louis Zukofsky's Objectivist issue of *Poetry* magazine and was mesmerized. Still the shy country girl, it took her six months to raise the courage to write to Zukofsky, but she finally did. So began 30 years of intense correspondence. Zukofsky became Niedecker's mentor, and through this relationship she developed her terse, clear style and expanded her network of literary colleagues. Thus, without taking a single step from Ft. Atkins, Niedecker leaped into the mainstream of American poetry.

From this perspective, another major paradox raised by Niedecker's life seems less puzzling. Why did this creative woman work as a cleaning lady in a local hospital, mopping floors and scrubbing toilets? Surely this was not necessary, as the scenes between Niedecker and her young niece Mary make clear. Mary is a college freshman who has a strong desire to become a writer like her aunt. Lorine Niedecker shows the girl her wonderful command of language, of editing, of compressing Mary's scattered thoughts into concise one-line gems. We watch the master bring to the novice an awareness of what the English language can convey. Watching this, I found myself listing all the jobs that Niedecker could have performed rather than swabbing toilets: teacher, poetry lecturer, editor, tutor, proofreader. But it never seems to have entered her mind that her talents could be used to earn a living. As Thatcher presents her, there is no apparent conflict or sense of distaste over what she does at the hospital.

The fact is, in rural Wisconsin, good jobs were scarce. For Niedecker, swabbing bowls and floors was the highest-paying employment around. And it offered a pension: that was important. She was divorced and alone. Lorine Niedecker's inner prestige was not bound up in what Ft. Atkins people thought about her, or what they considered proper work. Only her body was there; her mind and soul were far away.

The play fluctuates between the view that Niedecker was perfectly content among the prosaic folk of Ft. Atkins and the perspective that she was miserable and had once tried to escape to the literary world of New York. But

Lorine Niedecker in 1967. Photo reproduced with the permission of The Poetry/Rare Books Collection, University Libraries, State University of New York at Buffalo.

once in New York, according to Thatcher, she had been terrified by the millions of egomaniacs fighting for the limelight. Mousy Lorine was traumatized by their flashy clothes and aggressive walk, and so she scurried back home.

But Niedecker needed to live in a quiet environment like Ft. Atkins. She needed the silence, while absorbing in bits the intense energy of the outside poetry scene.

When Zukofsky became too ill to write, Niedecker directed her correspondence toward Cid Corman. He was the editor of *Origin*, an influential poetry magazine. In her last ten years they wrote at least one letter a week to each other. Corman traveled the world on lecture tours. He described the literary climate, philosophies, styles, and viewpoints of the poets he met in each location. Niedecker also became involved in Corman's financial and editorial problems as he desperately tried to keep *Origin* afloat. They badgered and harassed each other through the mails as Corman published a steady stream of Niedecker's

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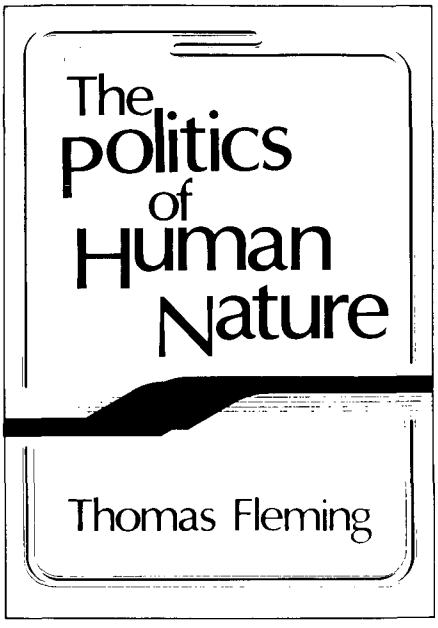

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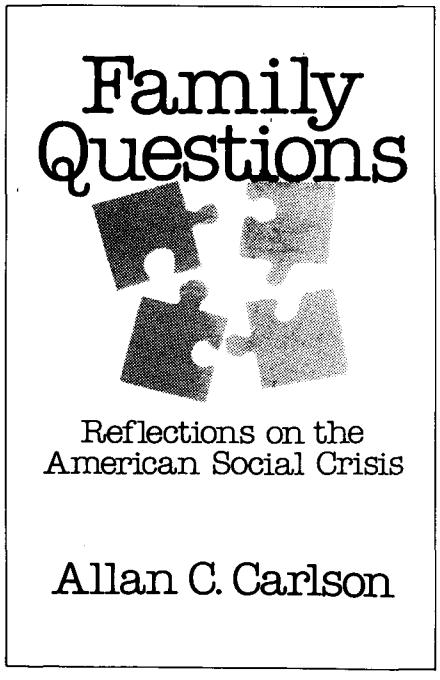

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poems. She was a perfectionist, wanting the punctuation and layout just right.

The great advantage of Ft. Atkins was that when Niedecker put those overly-stimulating letters down, the solitude fired the inner enthusiasm necessary for her to create. Yes, Niedecker did go to New York—several times, beginning in the 1930's, to meet Zukofsky and his circle of Objectivists: George Oppen, Carl Rakosi, Charles Reznikoff, even William Carlos Williams. But she had no intention of staying. She needed the spark, the encouragement of meeting her mentor. That was all. Then she returned home, "psyched-up" and more capable of following her own road.

This process was reversed in the 1960's, when she became more widely known. It was then that Corman and Basil Bunting made the trek to Wisconsin to get their own poetic batteries charged through her.

Late in life Niedecker married for the second time, to a former hobo-turned-house painter named Al Millen. It is not entirely clear from Niedecker's correspondence how much Millen knew about, cared for, or understood her poetry. There is some indication he never read any of it. In fact, as Thatcher portrays him, Millen seems to believe he is doing his wife a great favor by pushing her away from poetry. To his way of thinking, poetry was her way of dealing with loneliness. He takes Lorine to dull parties, to bowling tournaments, to dinner in far-off Milwaukee—all to get her away from writing. He believes this will be therapeutic for her.

And yet one simple act forced me to rethink Millen's role as boorish anti-intellectual. As he kicks Mary out of the house, the niece screams, "Have you ever read one of your wife's poems?" He thinks about that for a moment and replies, "No. They're personal." Maybe Millen isn't really such a bumpkin. Maybe he is actually giving Lorine the emotional space and privacy she needs to continue to create.

In a climactic scene in the play, Mary throws a fistful of poems at Millen, saying that he should read them because "these are about you!" Millen struggles with his conscience. The poems are scattered across the floor in front of him. He's drunk. His resistance is down. He reads one.

I married

in the world's black night
for warmth
if not repose
at the close—
someone.
I hid with him
from the long-range guns.
We lay leg
in the cupboard, head
in closet.

A slit of light
at no bird dawn—
Untaught
I thought
he drank
too much.

I say
I married
and lived unburied
I thought—

Why can't I be happy
in my sorrow

My drinking man
today

My quiet
tomorrow.

The play ends with Lorine Niedecker's sudden death. At the graveside Millen reads another poem as the lights fade:

I was the solitary plover
a pencil
for a wing-bone
From the secret notes
I must tilt

upon the pressure
execute and adjust
In us sea-air rhythm
"We live by the urgent wave
of the verse"

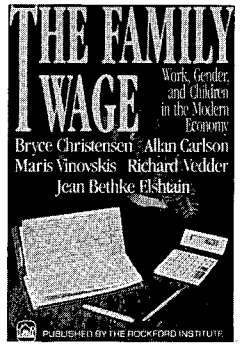
You with sea-water running
in your veins sit down in water
Expect the long-stemmed
blue
speedwell to renew
itself

O my floating life
Do not save love
for things
Throw *things*
to the flood

ruined
by the flood

Leave the new
unbought—
all one in the end—
water.

John Chodes is a playwright living in New York City.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Jeanne Berg

Wimin's Work

by Theodore Pappas

The women's movement is in considerable disarray. While most self-described feminists are concerned mainly with job prospects, equal pay, and abortion rights, the radical wing of the movement is busy advocating everything from witchcraft to lesbianism. This was never more apparent than at NOW's recent convention. While most delegates were content with denouncing the Supreme Court's decision in *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*, the radicals of the organization were busy pushing for the creation of a new political party that would better represent such things as "lesbian rights."

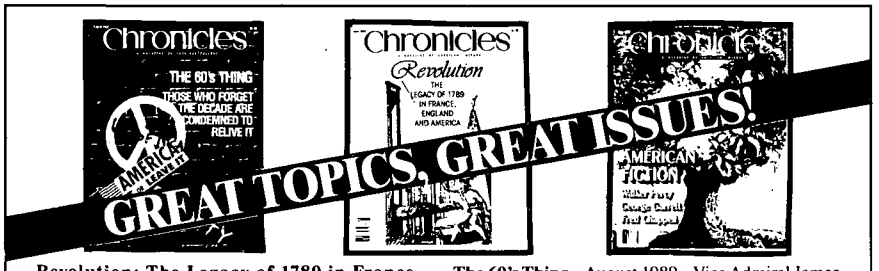
Still, within official feminism there remains substantial agreement on one issue—the need for linguistic reform. For insight into this aspect of the women's movement take a glance through a few issues of *Lesbian Ethics*, a radical lesbian journal published in Albuquerque, New Mexico. This journal—the direct offspring of the women's movement's push for linguistic reform—is one of the principal proponents of "lesbian discourse," a linguistic world in which "man" has no presence—no presence as a word, no presence as a syllable. Until recently the one thing women in the women's movement could agree on was the fact that they belonged to a "women's movement." But those days of consensus have passed. For now there is a movement for *wimin*, *wymin*, *wymyn*, and *wim*.

Both radical lesbians and mainline feminists base their call for linguistic reform on the Wittgensteinian idea that "a language is a form of life." Because traditional society has been male-dominated, feminists believe traditional language patterns must similarly be dominated. To be more specific, feminists see traditional language as inherently misogynist: it is a reflection of male supremacy and female inferiority because it preserves and perpetuates unfair social stereotypes while denying women the right of visibility.

Where mainline feminists and radical lesbians differ is the degree to which linguistic reform should be taken. The former have been generally content in merely fighting the generic use of such words as "he" and "man"; they have been content to bask in the glow of their successful efforts to replace firemen, policemen, congressmen, and chairmen with firefighters, police officers, congressional representatives, and chairs.

Radical lesbians, however, call for more. In fact, radical lesbians even see the linguistic behavior of radical feminists as too tame. Whereas radical feminists have long spoke of *womanists* who believe in *womanity*, who partake of *womanism*, who cultivate their *womanliness*, and who even write *womanifestoes* for the *womanist* movement—radical lesbians never would. On the contrary, as the Proudhons and Bakunins of the women's movement, radical lesbians see mere elaborations of the word "woman" as still not enough. For the word "woman" is still tainted: it is tainted by the proximity of the ever-present devil, "man."

Thus, from the radical lesbian perspective, a true and wholesome female could only be a *womyn*, a *womin*, a *womon*, or a *wom*. And if among true and wholesome friends, they could only be *wimin*, *wymyn*, *wymin*, or *wim*, this last word being the plural form of *wom*. Of course, radical feminists would not object to a female being a *womynist* who believes in *wominity*, partakes of *womonism*, cultivates her *womynliness*, and who writes *womonifestoes* for the *wimminist* movement. But most of them would just prefer to be *dykes*, whereupon they



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can be *dykish*, exude *dyke-ness*, experience *dykity*, and even be *dyking*—presumably all in one afternoon.

Nor do radical lesbians have any use for such words as "history," "English," "democracy," and "ex-husbands." They instead prefer to speak of *herstory*, *manglish*, *phallocracy*, and *wusbands*. Even the seemingly harmless trio of "they," "them," and "their" apparently harbors linguistically the social structures and power relations of American patriarchy. For *shem*, *shey*, and *sheir* have found their way into lesbian discourse. And, of course, in the lexicon of mainline feminists and radical lesbians alike, the word "gentleman" remains a contradiction in terms.

Radical lesbians, however, do not limit their idiosyncratic approach to the English language to the spelling of gender-related words. Quite the contrary: no aspect of the English language is safe in Lesbos. Capitalization, punctuation, and the spelling of the most common of words—all such things are to be exposed and excoriated as conspirators in the war against women and womanhood. As a result, journals like *Lesbian Ethics* are filled with such words and phrases as "the *moreness* of life," "a feminist university *had occurred*," "my conclusions and *envisionments*," "I relax into my *no-ings*," and "how much *wronger* can I be."

One can perhaps understand how a radical lesbian in need of making a radical statement might wallow in the realm of "transformative language forms," might resort to the elimination of the word "man" and the concoction of strange cognates—all for the purpose of "consciousness-raising." There is, after all, historical precedent for such actions: as during the Reign of Terror that followed the French Revolution when Frenchmen were called either "citizen" or "citizeness," or as in the period after the Bolshevik Revolution when Russians became "comrades." Indeed, linguistic change has often been seen as sine qua non for social change.

But can *occurring* universities and people who are *wronger* and *relaxing* into their *no-ings* really raise social consciousness?

Then there is the section of the journal devoted to artistic expression. Robespierre had his David, Lenin his Gorky, and *Lesbian Ethics* its "creative writing," a section of the journal filled with action-packed dialogue and riveting narration:

> Old Separatist and Gypsy Dyke were sitting around the universe, "Just how separate are you?" Gypsy Dyke was asking.
>
> "Oh, just as separate as I can get," Old Separatist was saying back to her.

Moving accounts of conflict and inner turmoil:

> ii want to grow mii hair and sometimez ii ahm afraid othurr separatists will no longer honour mii knowings/no-ings afraid ii will feel sohh ashamed ii will retreat away from mii self. . . .

And gripping drama:

> how I would love to have the courage to say to a sister in distress, "breathe with me, joanna." would she remember this from the wanderground and respond, "breathe with me, zana?"

But the most creative writing is to be found on the "Notes on Contributors" page, where the writers have opted for winsome pseudonyms. Thus, we find that this "forum" for the discussion of "ethics and philosophy" (the journal's proclaimed purpose) pivots on the ruminations of such people as Dicey Yates, Teena Delfina, Sage Desertdyke, and Flowing Margaret Johnson. The contributors' hobbies are equally informative. Lori Saxe, for instance, enjoys cultivating "intense bonds with cats," and she is currently working on "a Lesbian theory of animal liberation." And certainly one should mention the heroic feat of Margaret "Chase" Smith, who continues to contribute to the journal seemingly against all odds: she's dead, but a channeler continues to feed us her work.

Occasionally, the essays in *Lesbian Ethics* actually *do* touch upon the ethics and philosophy of the radical lesbian community. Though the degree to which radical lesbians adhere to the tenets of their philosophy varies from individual to individual—and, as is the case among the community of radical feminists, there is a great deal of debate between Marxian and non-Marxian interpretations of women's history—the basic philosophy and ethics of radical lesbianism can be simply summarized: hate all men, separate from all men, and kill men, if possible.

In other words, whereas mainline feminists merely reject the validity of the male point of view, radical lesbians and some radical feminists reject the right of men even *to exist*. Men are the Satans of earthly existence—the cause and controllers of all evil in the world—and hence they should die. Period. Indeed, it is not for nothing that many radical feminists and lesbians still revere as the quintessential expression of "woman's work" the writings and actions of the late-1960's radical Valerie Solanas—the androcidal zany who shot pop artist Andy Warhol to dramatize the need for the murder of all men, and who wrote the notorious 1968 manifesto for SCUM (the Society for the Cutting Up of Men).

Dicey Yates, in the fall 1988 issue of *Lesbian Ethics*, succinctly states the radical lesbian position:

> We, uniquely, are both willing and able to oppose men in a sustained way. . . . It is up to the handful of us to end the regime of men. . . . Unwillingness (including ambivalence) to do/cause violence to men has been a barrier to community—any womon community anywhere since patriarchy. . . .

Nor does this call for violence against men exclude the sons, brothers, or fathers of lesbians; if a lesbian has not the courage to kill them, then at least she should sever all ties with them. In fact, such things as artificial insemination and the abortion of male fetuses are now being discussed in some lesbian circles. From their skewed perspective, science can indeed be their handmaiden to progress by providing them with the means for the propagation of more women as well as the means for the murder of future men.

But where would this get them? After all, without men to hate feminists would be like vampires without victims, conservatives without communism.

Theodore Pappas is assistant editor of Chronicles.

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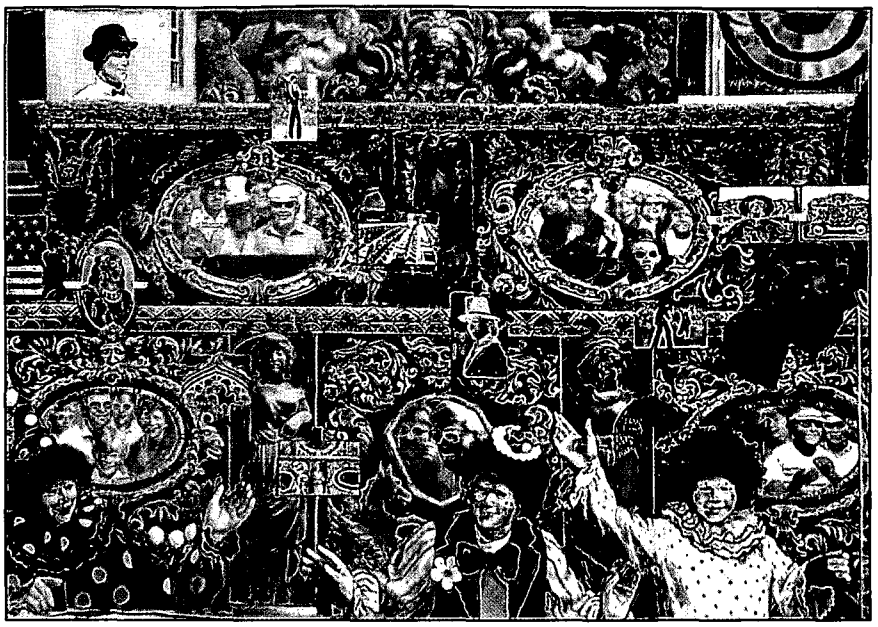
ART

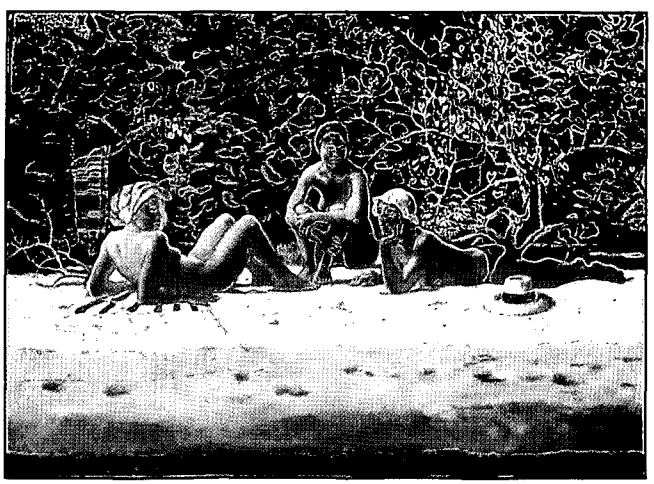
Colleen Browning

These paintings are from a recent exhibition at Kennedy Galleries in New York of Colleen Browning's latest work. Born and raised in County Cork, Ireland, and educated in London, Browning and her husband, British novelist Geoffrey Wagner, divide their time between New York City and Grenada, where the couple has long lived. The first two paintings shown here are based on Milwaukee's annual circus parade; the second one is called a "picture of a painting" because Browning actually painted her photos of the parade *into* the painting. The third painting depicts a beach scene in Grenada. Browning has taught art at Pratt Institute, the City College of New York, and the National Academy of Design. Her work has been the subject of articles in numerous national magazines, and her book *Working Out a Painting* was published by Watson-Guptill, New York.



U.S.A. Hooray!; *oil on canvas, 39″ x 56″, 1988.*

Picture of a Painting of the Great Circus Parade; *oil on canvas, 42½″ x 66½″, 1988.*



Summer; *oil on canvas, 44″ x 54¼″, 1988.*

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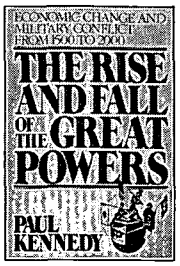

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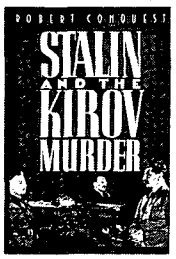

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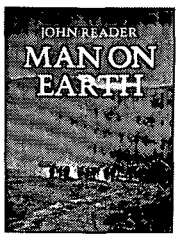

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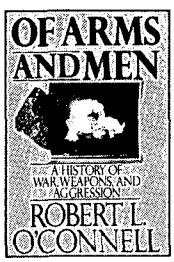

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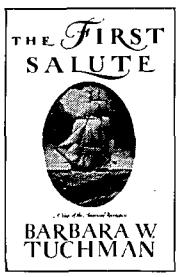

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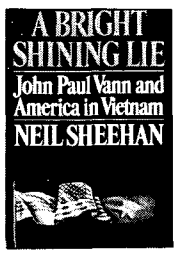

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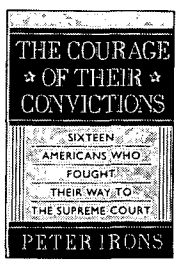

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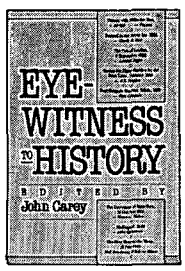

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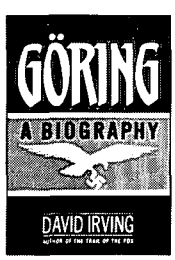

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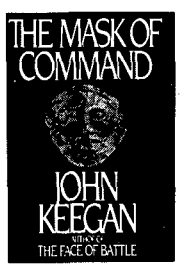

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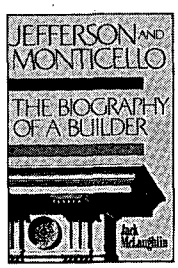

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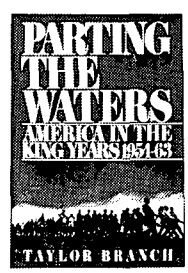

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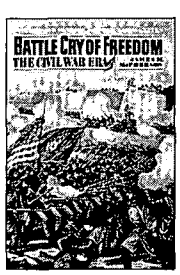

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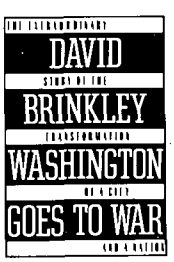

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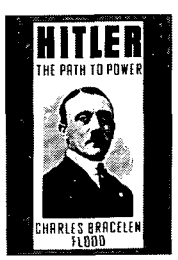

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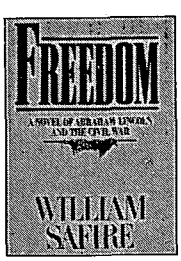

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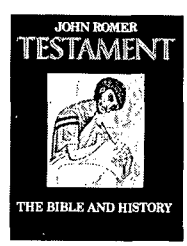

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